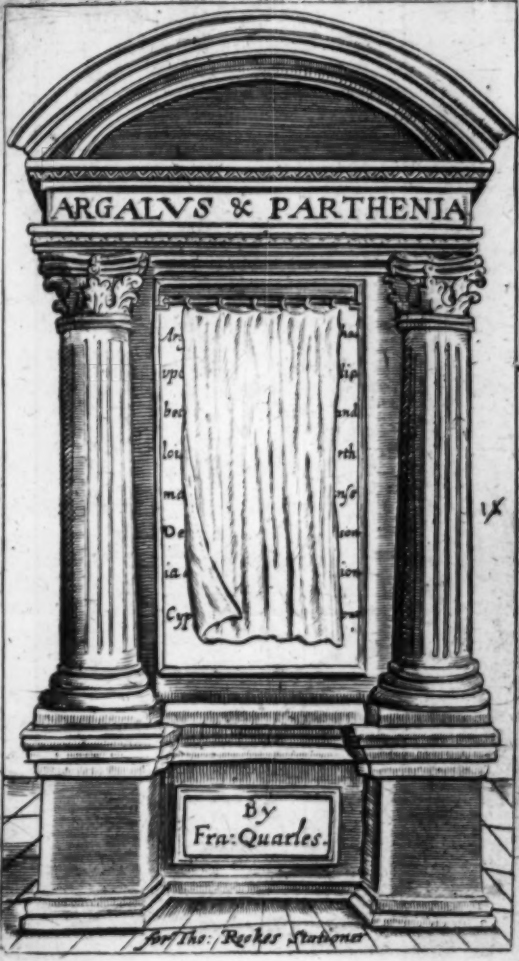
The Minde of the Frontispiece.

READER, behinde this Silken Front'spiece lies
The Argument of our Book; which to your eyes
Our Muse (for serious causes, and best known
Unto her self) commands should be unshown:
And therefore, to that end she hath thought fit
To draw this Curtain 'twixt your eye and it.

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ARGALVS & PARTHENIA
By
Fra: Quarles.
for Tho: Rookes Stationer

ARGALUS
AND
PARTHENIA.

Written by

FRA. QUARLES.



LONDON:
Printed by *John Redmayne*, for *Thomas Rooks* at the *Lamb* and *Ink-Bottle* in *Gresham* Colledge, who makes the best Ink for Deeds and Records.
MDCLXVIII.

UMI

ARGALUS

AND

PARTHENIA.

Written by

FRA. BEAUMONT.

LONDON:

Printed by John Hodgets, for Thomas Walkley at the Eagle and Child in Brittaines Burse.

M.DC.XXVII.

To the Reader.

READER,

I Present thee here with an *History of* Argalus *and* Parthenia, *the fruits of broken hours. It was a* Ciens *taken out of the Orchard of Sir* Philip Sidney, *of precious memory; which I have lately graffed upon a Crab-stock, in mine own. It hath brought forth many Leaves, and promises pleasing Fruit, if malevolent eyes blast it not in the bud. This Book differs from my former, as a Courtier, from a Church man: But if any think it unfit for one to play both parts, I have presidents for it; and let such know, that I have taken but one play-day in six: However, I should beshrew that hand that binds them all together to make one Volume. In this Discourse, I have not affected to set thy understanding on the Rack, by the Tyranny of strong Lines, which (as they fabulously report of* China *Dishes) are made for the third Generation to make use of, and are the meer itch of wit;*

under the colour of which, many have ventured (trusting to the Oedipean *conceit of their ingenious Reader) to write non-sense, and feloniously father the created expositions of other men; not unlike some Painters, who first make the Picture, then from the opinion of better judgments, conclude whom it resembles. These Lines are strong enough for my purpose: If not for them, yet read them; and yet understandings may be magnified by their weakness. Reader, thou shalt in the progress of this Story, meet with a seeming Solecism, which is this:* Demagoras *his so foul a deed perpetrated upon the fair* Parthenia, *is fully expresst; and yet, the revenge thereof past over in silence, wherein (as I conceive) I have not dealt unjustly. When* Prometheus *stole fire from Heaven to animate and quicken his artificial Bodies, the severer gods for punishment of so high a sacriledge, struck him not dead with a sudden Thunder-bolt, but (to be more deeply avenged) let him live, to be tormented with Vultures, continually gnawing on his Liver. The same kinde of torture had* Ixion; *so had* Sisyphus, *so had* Tantalus: *Did then* Demagoras *fault equal (if not exceed) theirs, and should*

should his punishment be less? Had my Pen delivered him dead into your hands, what could you have had more? His accursed memory had soon rotted with his baser name, and there had been an end of him: In which respect, I have suffered him to live, that he may stand like a Jack a Lent, *or a* Shroving Cock, *for every one to spend a Cudgel at, to the worlds end. Ladies, (for in your silken Laps I know this Book will chuse to lie, which being far fetched, if the* Stationer *be wise, will be most fit for you) my suit is, That you would be pleased to give the fair* Parthenia *your noble entertainments: She hath crost the Seas for your acquaintance, and is come to live and die with you: To whose gentle hands I recommend her, and kiss them.*

Dublin. *this Fourth of* March, 1621.

Fr. Quarles.

Argalus and *Parthenia.*

The First Book.

Within the limits of th' *Arcadian* Land,
Whose grateful bounty hath inricht the hand
Of many a Shepherd Swain, whose rural Acts
(Untaught to gloze, or with a double heart
To vow dissembled Love) did build to Fame
Eternal *Trophies* of a Pastoral name:
That sweet *Arcadia*; which, in antick days,
Was wont to warble out her well-tun'd lays
To all the World; and, with her Oaten Reed,
Did sing her love whilst her proud flocks did feed:
Arcadia, whose desarts did claim to be
As great a sharer in the *Daphnean* Tree,
As his, whose louder *Æneid* proudly sings
Heroick conquests of victorious Kings:
There (if th'exuberance of a word may swell
So high, that *Angels* may be said to dwell)
There dwelt that *Virgin*, that *Arcadian* glory,
Whose rare composure did abstract the story
Of true Perfection, modellizing forth
The height of beauty, and admired worth;
Her name *Parthenia*, whose unnam'd descent,
Can serve but as a needless complement,

To gild Perfection: She shall boast, alone,
What bounteous Art, and Nature makes her own.
Her Mother was a Lady, whom deep age
More fill'd with honor, then diseases; sage,
A modest Matron, strict, reserv'd, austere,
Sparing in Speech, but lib'ral of her Ear;
Fierce to her foes, and violent where she likes;
Wedded to what her own opinion strikes:
Frequent in Alms, and charitable Deeds,
Of mighty spirit, constant to her *Beads*,
Wisely suspicious; but what need we other
Then this? She was the fair *Partheniaes* Mother,
That rare *Parthenia*, in whose Heavenly eye
Sits Maiden mildness, mixt with Majesty;
Whose secret power hath a double skill,
By frowns or smiles to make alive, or kill;
Her Cheeks are like to Banks of fairest Flowers,
Inricht with sweetness from the Twilight showers,
Whereon those jars, which were so often bred,
Composed were, betwixt the white and red:
Her Hair wrought down beneath her Ivory Knees,
As if that Nature, to so rare a piece,
Had meant a Shadow; laboring to show,
And boast the utmost that her hand could do:
Like smallest Flax appear'd her Nymph-like Hair,
But onely Flax was not so small, so fair:
Her Lips like Rubies, and you'd think, within,
In stead of Teeth, that orient *Pearls* had been:
The whiteness of her dainty Neck you know,
If ever you beheld the new-faln *Snow*;
Her Swan-like Brests were like two little *Spheares*,
Wherein, each azure line in view appears,
Which, were they obvious but to every eye,
All liberal Arts would turn *Astronomy*:
Her slender waste, her Lilly-hands, her Armes
I dare not set to view; because all Charms
Forbidden are: My bashful *Muse* descends
No lower step: Here her *Commission* ends,
And by another Virtue doth enjoyne
My Pen to treat Perfection more divine.

The

The chaſte *Diana*; and her Virgin-crew
Was but a *Type* of one that ſhould enſue
In after-ages, which we finde expreſt,
And here fulfill'd in chaſte *Parthenia*'s Breſt;
True vertue was the object of her will;
She could no ill, becauſe ſhe knew no ill;
Her thoughts were noble, and her words not laviſh
Yet free, but wiſely weigh'd; more apt to raviſh,
Then to entice; leſs beautified with Art,
Then natural ſweetneſs: In her gentle Heart
Judgment tranſcended; from her milder Breſt
Paſſion was not exiled, but repreſt:
Her voice excel'd; nay, had you heard her voice
But warble forth, you might have had the choice,
To take her for ſome ſmooth-fac'd *Cherubin*,
Or elſe ſome glorious *Angel*, that had been
A treble ſharer in th'eternal joys,
Such was her voice, ſuch was her heavenly voice:
Merry, yet modeſt; witty, and yet wiſe;
Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice;
Quick, but not raſh; Courteous, and yet not common;
Not too familiar, and yet ſcorning no man:
In brief, who would relate her praiſes well,
Muſt firſt bethink himſelf, what 't is t' excel.

When theſe Perfections had enhaunc'd the name
Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble-winged Fame
Grew great with honor, ſpreads her haſty Wings,
Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away ſhe ſprings,
And with her full-mouth'd blaſt ſhe doth proclaim
Th'unmated glory of *Parthenia*'s name:
Who now but fair *Parthenia*? What report
Can finde admittance in th' *Arcadian* Court
But fair *Partheniaes*? Every ſolemn Feaſt
Muſt now be ſweetned, honor'd, and poſſeſt
With high diſcourſes of *Partheniaes* glory,
And every mouth muſt breathe *Partheniaes* ſtory.
The Poet ſummons now his amorous Quill,
And ſcorns aſſiſtance from the Sacred Hill:
The ſweet-lipt Orator takes in hand to raiſe
His prouder ſtile, to ſpeak *Partheniaes* praiſe.

The

The curious Painter wisely doth displace
Fair *Venus*, sets *Parthenia* in her place.
The pleader burns his Books, disdains the Law,
And falls in love with whom his eyes ne'r saw.
Healths to the fair *Parthenia* flie about,
At every board, whilst others, more devout,
Build Idols to her, and adore the fame,
And Parrets learn to prate *Parthenias* name:
Some trust to fame, some secretly disprize
Her worth; some emulates, and some envies:
Some doubt, some fear lest lavish Fame belie her,
And all that dare believe report, admire her.

Upon the borders of the *Arcadian* Land
Dwelt a *Laconian* Lord: Of proud command,
Lord of much people, youthful, and of fame,
More great than good, *Demagoras* his name:
Of stature tall, his body spare and meager,
Thick shouldred, hollow cheek'd, and visage eager,
His gashful countenance swarthy, long and thin,
And down each side of his reverted Chin
A lock of black neglected Hair (befriended
With Warts too ugly to be seen) descended;
His rouling eyes were deeply sunk, and blew'd
Like fire: 'Tis said, they blister'd where they view'd.
Upon his shoulders from his fruitful Crown,
A rugged crop of *Elf-locks* dangled down:
His hide all hairy; garish his attire,
And his Complexion meerly Earth and Fire;
Perverse to all; extenuating what
Another did, because he did it not;
Maligning all mens actions but his own,
Not loving any, and belov'd of none:
Revengeful, envious, desperately stout,
And in a word, to paint him fully out,
That had the Monopoly, to fulfil
All vice, the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill.
He view'd *Parthenias* face. As from above,
Fire-balls of Lightning hurl'd by angry Jove,
Confound th' unarm'd beholder at a blow,
And leave him ruin'd in the place? Even so

The

The Peerleſs Beauty of *Partheniaes* eyes,
At the firſt ſight did conquer and ſurprize
The laviſh thoughts of this amazed lover,
Who void of ſtrength to hide, or to diſcover
The tyrannous ſcorching of his ſecret fires,
Prompted by Paſſion, with himſelf conſpires:
Accurs'd Demagoras! *Into what a Feaver*
Hath one look ſtruck thy ſoul? O never, never
To be recur'd! If I had done amiſs,
Hath Heaven no eaſier Plagues in ſtore, but this?
Promotheus *pains are not ſo ſharp as theſe,*
Our ſins yet labor'd both of one diſeaſe;
Our faults are equal: Both ſtole fire from Heaven,
Our faults alike, why are our Plagues uneven?
Be juſt, O make not ſuch unequal ods
Of equal ſins: Be juſt, or elſe no gods:
Why ſend ye down ſuch Angels to the Earth,
To mock poor mortals? or of mortal birth?
If ſuch a Heaven-like Paragon may be,
Why do ye not wound her as well as me?
But why do I implore your aids in vain,
That are the higheſt Agents in my pain?
Poor wretch! What hope of help can ye aſſure me,
When onely ſhe, that made the wound, can cure me?
Divine Parthenia, *Earths unvalued Jewel:*
Would thou hadſt been leſs glorious, or leſs cruel:
When firſt thine eyes did to theſe eyes appear,
I read the hiſtory of my ruine there,
My nceceſſary ruine: Heaven, nor Hell
Can ſalve my ſores, by help of Prayer or Spell;
Gods are unjuſt; and if, with Charms, I haunt her,
Her eyes are Counter-charms, to inchant th'enchanter:
Why do I thus exulcerate my diſeaſe?
By adding torments, hope I to finde eaſe?
Is not her cruelty enough, alone,
But muſt I bring freſh torment: of my own?
Clear up Demagoras: *'Tis a wiſe mans part*
Not to loſe all, if his unpractis'd art
Serves not to gain: A Gameſter may not chuſe
His chance: It is ſome conqueſt, not to loſe.

Look to thy self: Let no injurious blast
Of cold despair chill thy green wounds too fast
For time to cure: O, hope for no remission
Of pain, till Cupid *send thee a Physition.*
She is a Woman; if a Woman, then
My title's good: Women were made for men.
She is a Woman, though her heavenly brow
Write Angel, *and may stoop, although not now.*
Women, by looks, will not be understood
Until their hearts advise with flesh and blood.
She is a Woman, There's no reason why,
But she (perchance) may burn as well as I.
Move then, Demagoras, *let* Parthenia *know*
The strength of her own beauty, in thy woe:
Fear not, what thou ador'st; begin to move,
Chris-cross foreruns the Alphabet *of love.*
Tis half-perfected, what is once begun;
She is a Woman, and she must be won.

Like as a Swain, whose hands have made a vow,
And sworn alleageance to the peaceful Plow,
Prest out for service in the Martial Camp,
At first (unentred) findes a liveless damp
Beleag'ring every joynt, as often swounds
As here he views his Sword, or thinks of wounds;
At length (not finding any means for flying,
Switcht and spur'd on with desp'rate fear of dying)
He hews, he hacks, and in the midst he goes,
And freshly deals about his frantick blows;
Even so *Demagoras*, whose unbred fashion
Had never yet subscrib'd to loves sweet passion,
Being call'd a Combatant to *Cupids* field,
Trembles, and secretly resolves to yield
The day without a parley, till at length,
Fiercely transported by th'untutor'd strength
Of his own passion, he himself assures,
That desp'rate torments must have desp'rate cures:
And thus to the divine *Partheniaes* ears
Applies his Speech, devoid of doubts and fears.

Fairest of Creatures, if my ruder Tongue,
To right it self, should do your patience wrong,

And lawleſs paſſion makes it too too free,
O blame your heavenly beauty and not me:
It was thoſe eyes, thoſe precious eyes that firſt
Enforc'd my Tongue to ſpeak, or Heart to burſt:
From thoſe dear eyes I firſt receiv'd that wound,
Which ſeeks for cure, and cannot be made ſound,
But by the hand that ſtruck: To you alone,
I ſue for help, that elſe muſt hope for none:
Then crown my joys, thou Antidote *of deſpair,*
And be as merciful as thou art fair;
Nature, (the bounty of whoſe liberal hand
Made thee the Jewel of the Arcadian *Land)*
Intended in ſo rare a prize, to boaſt
Her maſter-piece: Hid Jewels are but loſt;
Shine then, and rob not Nature of her due,
But honor her, as ſhe hath honor'd you.
Let not the beſt of all her works lie dead
In the nice Caſket of a Maidenhead:
What ſhe would have reveal'd, O do not ſmother,
Th'art made in vain, unleſs thou make another:
Give me thy heart, and for that gift of thine,
Leſt thou ſhouldſt want a heart, I'll give thee mine,
As richly fraught with love, and laſting duty,
As thou with Virtue, or thine eyes with beauty.
Why doſt thou frown? Why does that Heavenly brow,
Not made for wrinkles, ſhew a wrinkle now?
Send forth thy brighter Sun-ſhine, and the while,
O lend me but the twilight of a ſmile:
Give me one amorous glance; why ſtands thou mute?
Diſcloſe thoſe ruby Lips, and grant my ſuit:
Speak (love,) or if thy doubtful minde be bent
To ſilence, let that ſilence be conſent:
Nor beg I love of alms, although in part,
My words may ſeem t'emplead my own deſert.
Diſdain me not, although my thoughts deſcend
Below themſelves, t'enjoy ſo fair a friend.
I, that have oft with tears been ſought to, ſue;
And Queens have been his ſervants, that ſerves you:
The beauties of all Greece *have been at ſtrife*
To win the name of great Demagoras *wife,*

And been despis'd, not worthy to obtain
So high an honor; what they sought (in vain)
I here present thee with, as thine own due,
It being an honor fit for none but you:
Speak then (my love) and let thy Lips make known
That I am either thine, or not mine own.

Have you beheld when fresh *Aurora*'s eye
Sends forth her early beams, and by and by
Withdraws the glory of her face, and shrowds
Her Cheek behinde a ruddy Mask of Clouds,
Which, who believe in *Erra Pater* say,
Presages wind, and blustry storms that day.
Such were *Partheniaes* looks: In whose fair face
Roses and Lillies, late had equal place,
But now, 'twixt Maiden bashfulness, and spleen,
Roses appear'd, and Lillies were not seen:
She paus'd a while, till at the last, she breaks
Her long-kept angry silence, thus, and speaks.

My Lord,
Had your strong Oratory but the art,
To make me conscious of so great desert,
As you perswade, I should be bound in duty
To praise your Rhet'rick as you praise my beauty:
Or if the frailty of my judgment could
Flatter my thoughts so grosly, as to hold
Your words for currant, you might boldly dare
Count me as foolish, as you term me fair.
If you vie Courtship, Fortune knows that I
Have not so strong a game, to see the vie:
Alas, my skill durst never undertake
To play the game, where hearts be set at stake:
Needs must the loss be great, when such have bin
Seldom observ'd to save themselves that win:
You crave my Heart, my Lord, you crave withal,
Too great a mischief: My poor heart's too small
To fill the concave of so great a breast,
Whose thoughts can scorn the amorous request
Of love-sick Queens, and can requite the vain,
And factious suits of Ladies with disdain:

Stoop

Stoop not so low beneath your Self (great Lord)
To love Parthenia: *Shall so poor a word*
Stain your fair lips, whose merits do proclaim
A more transcendent Fortune, than that name
Can give? Call down Jove's *winged Pursuivant,*
And give his tongue the power to inchant
Some easie Goddess in your name, and treat
A marriage fitting so sublime, so great
A minde as yours, and fill the fruitful Earth
With Heroes, *sprung from so divine a birth:*
Partheniaes *heart could never yet aspire*
So high: Her home-bred thoughts durst ne'r desire
So fond an honor match't with so great pride,
To hope for that, which Queens have been deny'd.
Be wise, my Lord; vouchsafe not to repeat
S'unfit a suit: Be wise as you are great:
Advance your noble thoughts, hazard no more
To wrack your fortunes on so fleet a shore,
That to the wiser world, it may be known,
The best y' are mine, the more you are your own.

Like as a guilty prisoner, upon whom
Offended Justice lately past her doom,
Stands trembling by, and hopeless to prevail,
Bauls not for mercy: but to the loath'd Jail
Drags his sad Irons, and from thence commends
A hasty suit to his selected friends,
That by the virtue of a quick Reprieve,
The wretch might have some few days more to live:
Even so *Demagoras*, whose re-wounded heart
Had newly felt the unexpected smart
And secret burthen of a desperate doom,
Replies not, takes no leave, but quits the room,
And in his discontented minde, revolves
Ten thousand thoughts, and at the last resolves
What course to run, relying on no other
But the assistance of *Partheniaes* Mother.
Forthwith his fierce misguided passion drove
His wandring steps to the next neighboring grove;
A keen Steeletto in his trembling hand
He rudely grip'd; upon his Lips did stand

A milk-white froth; his eyes like flames; sometimes
He curses Heaven; himself; and then the times;
Rails at the proud *Parthenia*; raves; despairs;
And from his head rends off his tangled hairs;
Curses the womb that bare him; bans the Fates,
And drunk with Spleen, he thus deliberates:
Why dy'st thou not, Demagoras, *when as death*
Lends thee a Weapon? Can the whining breath
Of discontents and passion, send relief
To thy distraction, or asswage thy grief?
Why mov'st thou not the gods? or, rather, why
Do'st not contemn, and scorn their power, and die?
But stay! Of whom dost thou complain? A woman.
To whom (fond man) dost thou complain? A woman.
And shall a womans frowns have power to grieve thee?
Or shall a womans wanton smile relieve thee?
Fie, fie, Demagoras, *shall a womans eye*
Prevail, to make the stout Demagoras *die,*
And leave to after times an entred name
Ith' Calender of fools? Rouze up for shame
Thy wasted spirits; whet thy spleen, and live
To be reveng'd: She, she, that would not give
Admittance to thy proffer'd love, must drink
The potion of thy hate: Stir then the sink
Of all thy passion; where thou canst not gain
By fairer language, Tarquin-*like constrain.*
But hold thy hand, Demagoras, *and advise;*
Art gives advantage oft where force denies:
Suspend thy fury: Make Partheniaes *Mother*
Thy means: One Adamant will cut another:
Sweeten thy Lips with amorous Oratory;
Affect her tender heart with the sad story
Of thy dear love: Extol Partheniaes *beauty:*
But most of all, urge that deserved duty
Thou ow'st her virtue, and make that the ground
Of thy first love, that gave thy heart the wound:
Mingle thy words with sighs; and it is meet,
If thou canst force a tear, to let her see't,
Against thy will. Let thy false tongue forbear
No vows, and though thou beest forsworn, yet swear:

If

If ere thy barren Lips shall chance to pause,
For want of words; Parthenia *is the cause,*
Who hath benum'd thy heart; if ere they go
Beyond their lists, Parthenia *made them so:*
Withal, be sure, when ere thou shalt advance
The daughters virtues, let the glory glance
Upon the prudent Mother: Women care not
To hear too much of virtue, if they share not.
When thus thou hast prepar'd her melting ear
To soft attention, closely, in the rear
Of thy discourse, prefer thy sad Petition
That she would please to favor the condition
Of a distressed lover, and afford
In thy behalf, a Mothers timely word;
So shalt thou wreak thy vengeance by a wile,
And make the Mother Baud to her own childe.

He pausèd not; but like a rash Projector
(Whose frantick Passion was supream Director)
Fixt his first thoughts, impatient of the second,
Which might been bettered by advice, and reckon'd
All time but lost, which he bestowed not
On th'execution of his hopeful plot:
Forthwith his nimble paces he divided
Towards the Summer-Palace, where resided
The fair *Parthenias* Mother; boldly enters,
And after mutual complement adventers
To break the Ice of his dissembled grief:
Thus he complains, and thus he begs relief.

Madam,
The hopeful thriving of my suit depends
Upon your goodness, and it recommends
It self unto your favor, from whose hand
It must have sentence, or to fall, or stand:
Thrice three times hath the Sovereign of the night,
Repair'd her empty horns with borrowed light,
Since these sad eyes, these beauty-blasted eies,
Were stricken by a light that did arise
From your blest womb, whose unassuaged smart
Hath pierc'd my Soul, and wounded my poor Heart:

It is the fair Parthenia, *whose divine*
And glorious virtue led these eyes of mine
To their own ruine: Like a wanton Flie,
I dallied with the flame of her bright eie,
Till I have burn'd my wings. O, if to love
Be held a sin, the guilty gods above
(Being fellow-sinners with us, and commit
The self-same crimes) may eas'ly pardon it.
O thrice divine Parthenia, *that hast got*
A sacred priviledge which the gods have not,
If thou hast doom'd that I shall be bereaven
Of my loath'd life, yet let me die forgiven;
And welcome death that with one happy blow
Gives me more ease, than life could ever do.
Madam, to whom should my sad words appeal
But you? Alas to whom should I reveal
My dying thoughts, but unto you that gave
Being to her, that hath the power to save
My wasted life; the language of a Mother
Moves more than tears, that trickle from another.
With that a well-dissembled drop did slide
From his false eies. The Lady thus reply'd;

My Honorable Lord,
If my untimely answer hath prevented
Some farther words, your passion would have vented,
Pardon my haste, which in a ruder fashion
Sought onely to divide you from your passion:
The love you bear Parthenia, *must claim*
The priviledge of mine ear, and in her name,
(Though from an absent minde, as yet unknown)
Return I thanks with interest of mine own.
The little judgment, that the gods have lent
Her downy years (though in a small extent)
Does challenge the whole freedom of her choice,
In the resignment of a Mothers voice:
The sprightly fancies of a Virgins minde
Enter themselves, and hate to be confinde:
The hidden Embers of a lovers fire
Desire no bellows, but their own desire;
And like to Dedalus *his Forge, if blown,*

Burn

Burns dim and dies; blazes, if let alone:
Lovers affect without advisement, that
Which being most perswaded to, they hate.
My Lord, adjourn your passion, and refer
The fortune of your suit to time, and her.
Like to a Pinnace is a Lovers minde,
The Sail his fancies; a storm of winde
His uncontrouled Passion; the Stears
His Reason; Rocks and Sands, are doubts and fears:
Your storm being great, like a wise Pilot bear
But little Sail, and stoutly plie the Stear:
Leave then the violence of your thoughts to me,
My Lord, too hasty gamesters oversee.
Go, move Parthenia: *and let* Juno's *blessing*
Attend your hopeful suit, in the suppressing
Loves common evils; and if her warm desire
Strew but a spark, leave me to blow the fire.
Go, lose no time: Lovers must be laborious;
My Lord, go prosperous, and return victorious.

With that, *Demagoras*, (prostrate on the ground,
As if his ears had heard that blessed sound,
Wherewith the *Delphian* Oracle acquites
The accepted sacrifice) performs the Rites
Of quick devotion, to that heavenly voice,
Which fed his Soul with the malignant joys
Of vow'd revenge, up from the floor he starts,
Blesses the tongue that blest him, and departs.

By this time, had the Heaven-surrounding Steeds
Quell'd their proud courage, turn'd their fainting (heads
Into the lower Hemisphere, to cool
Their flaming Nostrils in the Western Pool,
When as the dainty and mollitious Air
Had bid the Lady of the Palace, share
In her refined pleasures, and invited
Her gentle steps, fully to be delighted
In those sweet walks, where *Floraes* liberal hand
Had given more freely, than to all the Land.
There walked she; and in her various minde,
Projects and casts about which way to finde
The progress of the young *Partheniaes* heart;

Likes

Likes this way: Then a second thought does thwart
The first; likes that way; then a third the second:
One while she likes the match, and then she reckon'd
Demagoras virtues: Now her fear entices
Her thoughts to alter; then she counts his vices:
Sometimes she calls his vows and oaths to minde;
Another while, thinks oaths and words but wind.
She likes, dislikes; her doubtful thoughts do vary:
Resolves, and then resolves the quite contrary.
One while she fears that his malign aspect
Will give the Virgin cause to disaffect:
And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts
His wealth, the Golden cover of all faults:
And, from the *Chaos* of her doubt, digests
Her fears; creates a wor'd of wealth; and rests.
With that, she straight unfixt her fastned eyes
From off the ground; and looking up, espies
The fair *Parthenia*, in a lovely bowre,
Spending the treasure of an Evening hour:
There sate she, reading the sweet sad discourses
Of *Charicles*'s love; the entercourses
Of whose mixt fortunes taught her tender heart
To feel the self-same joy, the self-same smart:
She read, she wept; and, as she wept, she smil'd,
As if her equal eyes had reconcil'd
Th' extreams of joy and grief: She clos'd the Book,
Then open'd it, and with a milder look,
She pities lovers; musing then a while,
She teaches smiles to weep, and tears to smile:
At length, her broken thoughts she thus discovers.

Unconstant state of poor distressed lovers!
Is all extream in love? No mean at all?
No draught indifferent? Either Honey or Gall?
Hath Cupids *universe no temp'rate Zone?*
Either a torrid, or a frozen one?
Alas, alas, poor Lovers! As she spake
Those words from her disclosed Lips, there brake
A gentle sigh; and after that another:
With that, steps in her unexpected Mother.

Have ye beheld, when *Titans* lustful head

Hath

Hath newly div'd into the Sea-green Bed
Of *Thetis*, how the bashful Horizon
(Enforc'd to see what should be seen by none)
Looks red for shame, and blushes to discover
Th' incestuous pleasures of the Heaven-born lover?
She look'd *Parthenia*, when the sudden eye
Of her unwelcome Mother did descry
Her secret passion: The Mothers smile
Brought forth the Daughters blush, and level coyl.
They smil'd and blusht; one smile begat another:
The Daughter blusht, because the jealous Mother
Smil'd on her; and the silent Mother smil'd
To see the conscious blushing of her childe:
At length grown great with words, she did awake
Her forced silence, and she thus bespake.

Blush not, my fairest Daughter; 'tis no shame
To pity lovers, or lament that flame,
Which worth and beauty kindles in the breast;
'Tis charity to succor the distrest.
The disposition of a generous heart
Makes every grief her own; at least, bear part.
What Marble, ah what Adamantine ear
Ere heard the flames of Troy, *without a tear?*
Much more the scorching of a lovers fire,
(Whose desperate fewel is his own desire)
May boldly challenge every gentle heart
To be joynt-tenant in his secret smart.
Why dost thou blush? why did those pearly tears
Slide down? Fear not: This arbor hath no ears:
Here's none but we; speak then: It is no shame
To shed a tear; thy Mother did the same:
Say, hath the winged wanton, with his dart,
Sent ere a message to thy wounded heart?
Speak, in the name of Hymen, *I conjure thee:*
If so, I have a Balsam will recure thee,
I fear, I fear, the young Laconian *Lord*
Hath lately left some indigested word
In thy cold stomack; which, for want of art,
I doubt, I doubt, lies heavy at thy heart.
If that be all, revealing brings relief;

Silence

Silence in love, but multiplies a grief;
Hid sorrow's desperate, not to be endur'd,
Which being but disclos'd, is eas'ly cur'd:
Perchance thou lov'st Demagoras, and wouldst smother
Thy close affection from thy angry Mother,
And reap the dainty fruits of love unseen:
I did the like, or thou hadst never been.
Stoln goods are sweetest. If it be thy minde
To love in secret, I will be as blinde
As he that wounded thee; or if thou dare
Acquaint thy Mother, then a Mothers care
Shall be redoubled, till thy thoughts acquire
The sweet fruition of thy choice desire:
Thou lov'st Demagoras: If thy Lips deny,
Thy conscious Heart must give thy Lips the lie:
And if thy liking countermand my will,
Thy punishment shall be to love him still:
Then love him still, and let his hopes inherit
The crown belonging to so fair a merit;
His thoughts are noble, and his fame appears
To speak, at least, an age above his years:
The blood of his increasing honor springs
From the high stock of the Arcadian Kings.
The gods have blest him with a liberal hand,
Enricht him with the prime of all the Land:
Honor and wealth attend his Gates, and what
Can he command that he possesses not?
All which, and more, (if Mothers can divine)
The fortune of thy beauty hath made thine;
He is thy Captive, and thy conquering eies
Have took him prisoner; he submits, and lies
At thy dear mercy, hoping ne'r to be
Ransom'd from death, by any price, but thee.
Wrong not thy self, in being too too nice,
And what (perchance) may not be proffer'd twice,
Accept at first: It is a foolish minde
To be too coy: Occasion's bald behinde.
'Tis not the common work of every day
T'afford such offers; take them while you may,
Times alter: Youth and Beauty are but blasts.

Use then thy time, whilest youth and beauty lasts:
For if that loath'd and infamous reproach,
Of a stale Maid, but offer to incroach
Upon opinion, th'art in estimation,
Like garments kept till they be out of fashion:
Thy worth, thy wit, thy virtues all must stand
Like goods at out-cries, priz'd at second hand;
Resolve thee then, t'inlarge thy Virgin-life
With th' honorable freedom of a Wife:
And let the fruits of that blest marriage be
A living pledge betwixt my childe and me.

So said, The fair *Parthenia* (in whose heart
Her strong affection yet had got the start
Of her obedience) makes a sudden pause,
Strives with her thoughts; objects the binding laws
Of filial duty to her best affection,
Sometimes submits unto her own election,
Sometimes unto her Mothers: Thus divided
In her distracted fancy, sometimes guided
By one desire, and sometimes by another,
She thus reply'd to her attentive Mother:

Madam,
Think not Parthenia, *under a pretence*
Of silence, studies disobedience:
Or by the crafty slowness of reply,
Borrows a quick advantage to deny:
It lies not in your power to command
Beyond my will; unto your tender hand
I here surrender up that little All
You gave me, freely to dispose withal:
The gods forbid, Parthenia *should resist*
What you command, command you what you list:
But pardon me, the young Laconian *Lord*
Hath made assault, but never yet could board
This heart of mine: I wept, I wept indeed,
But my misconstrued streams did ne'r proceed
From Cupids *spring: 'Tis blubber'd Book makes known*
Whose griefs I wept; I wept not for mine own;
My lowly thoughts durst never yet aspire
The least degree towards the proud desire

Of so great honor, to be cal'd his wife,
For whom ambitious Queens have been at strife:
He su'd for love, and strongly did importune
My heart, more pleased with a meaner fortune:
My breast was Marble, and my heart forgot
All pitty, for indeed, I lov'd him not:
But Madam, you, to whose more wise directions
I bend the stoutest of my rash affections,
You have commanded, and your will shall be
The square of my uneven desires, and me:
I'll practise duty, and my deed shall show it:
I'll practise love, though Cupid *never know it.*

When great *Basilius* (he whose Princely hand
Nourish'd long peace in the *Arcadian* Land)
With triumph brought to his renowned Court
His new espoused Queen, was great resort
Of Foreign States, and Princes, to behold
The truth, that unbeliev'd report hath told
Of fair *Gynecia*'s worth: Thither repair'd
The *Cyprian* Nobles, richly all prepar'd
In warlike furniture, and well addrest,
With solemn Jousts to glorifie the Feast
Of Marriage Royal, lately past between
Th'*Arcadian* King, and his thrice noble Queen,
The fair *Gynecia*, in whose face and breast,
Nature, and curious art had done their best,
To sum that rare perfection, which (in brief)
Transcends the power of a strong belief:
Her Syre was the *Cyprian* King, whose fame
Receiv'd more honor from her honor'd name,
Than if he had with his victorious hand,
Unsceptred half the Princes in the Land:
To tell the glory of this Royal Feast,
The Bridegrooms state, and how the Bride was dreft;
The princely service, and the rare delights;
The several names and worth of Lords and Knights;
The quaint *Impresa*'s, their deviseful shows;
Their Martial sports, their oft redoubled blows;
The courage of this Lord, or that proud Horse,
Who ran, who got the better, who, the worse,

Is not my task; nor lies it in my way,
To make relation of it: Heraulds may.
Yet fame and honor have selected one
From that illustrious crue; and him alone
Have recommended to my careful Quill,
Forbidding that his honor should lie still
Among the rest, whom fortune and his spirit,
That day, had crowned with a victor's merit:
His name was *Argalus*, in *Cyprus* born:
And (if what is not ours, may adorn
Our proper fortunes) his Blood Royal springs
From th'ancient stock of the great *Cyprian* Kings:
His out-side, had enough to satisfie
The expectation of a curious eye:
Nature was too too prodigal of her beauty,
To make him half so fair, whom fame and duty
He ought to honor, call'd so often forth,
T'approve the excellence of his manly worth:
His minde, was richly furnisht with the treasure
Of Moral knowledge, in so liberal measure,
Not to be proud: So valiant and so strong
Of noble courage, not to dare a wrong:
Friendly to all men, inward but with few;
Fast to his old friends, and unapt for new:
Lord of his word, and master of his passion,
Serious in businesse, choice in recreation:
Not too mistrustful, and yet wisely wary;
Hard to resolve, and then as hard to vary:
And to conclude, the world could hardly finde
So rare a body with so rare a minde.

Thrice had the bright surveyor of the Heaven
Divided out the days and nights by even
And equal hours, since this childe of fame
(Invited by the glory of her name,)
First view'd *Parthenia's* face, whose mutual eye
Shot equal flames, and with the secret tye
Of undisclos'd affection, joyn'd together
Their yielding hearts, their loves unknown to either:
Both dearly lov'd; the more they strove to hide
Their love, affection they the more descry'd.

It lies beyond the power of art to smother
Affection, where one virtue findes another.
One was their thoughts, and their desires one,
And yet both lov'd, unknown: beloy'd, unknown:
One was the Dart, that at the self-same time
Was sent, that wounded her, that wounded him:
Both hop'd, both fear'd alike, both joy'd, both griev'd;
Yet, where they both could help, was none reliev'd:
Two lov'd, and two beloved were, yet none
But two in all, and yet that *all* but one,
By this time had their barren Lips betray'd
Their timorous silence; now they had display'd
Loves sanguine colours, whilest the winged Childe
Sate in a Tree, and clapt his hands, and smil'd
To see the combat of two wounded friends,
He strikes and wounds himself, while she defends
That would be wounded, for her pain proceeds,
And flows from his, and from his wound, she bleeds;
She plays at him, and aiming at his breast,
Pierc'd her own heart: And when his hand addrest
The blow to her fair bosom, there it found
His own dear heart, and gave that heart the wound:
At length both conquer'd, and yet both did yield,
Both lost the day, and yet both won the field:
And as the warfare of their tongues did cease,
Their Lips gave earnest of a joyful peace.

But O the hideous chances that attend
A lovers progress to his journeys end!
How many desp'rate rubs, and dangers wait
Each minute on his miserable state!
His hopes do build, what straight his fears destroy:
Sometimes he surfets with excess of joy:
Sometimes despairing ere to finde relief,
He roars beneath the tyranny of grief;
And when loves current runs with greatest force,
Some obvious mischief still disturbs the course:
For lo, no sooner the discovered flame
Of these new parted lovers did proclaim
Loves sacred Jubilee; but the Virgins Mother
(The posture of whose visage did discover

Some

Some serious matter, harb'ring in her breſt)
Enters the room: Half angry, half in jeſt,
She thus began: *My dearest childe, this night,*
When as the silant darkneſs did invite
Mine eyes to slumber, sundry thoughts poſſeſt
My troubled minde, and robb'd me of my reſt;
I slept not, till the early Bugle-horn
Of Chaunticlere *had summon'd in the morn*
T' attend the Light, and nurse the new-born Day.
At last, when Morpheus, *with his Leaden Key*
Had lock'd my senſes, and inlarg'd the power
Of my Heav'n-guided fancy, for an hour
I slumber'd; and before my slumbring eyes,
One, and the ſelf ſame dream preſented thrice;
I wak'd; and being frighted at the Viſion,
Perceiv'd the gods had made an Apparition.
My dream was this: Me thought I ſaw thee ſitting
Dreſt like a Princely Bride, with Robes befitting
The State of Majeſty; thy Nymph-like Hair
Looſly diſhevel'd, and thy Brows did bear
A Cypreſs wreath; *and (thrice three moneths expir'd)*
Thy pregnant Womb grew heavy, and requir'd
Lucina's *aid; with that me thought I ſaw*
A team of harneſt Peacocks fiercely draw
A fiery Chariot from the ſtitting skie,
Wherein there ſate the glorious Majeſty
Of great Saturnia, *on whoſe train attended*
A hoſt of goddeſſes; Juno *deſcended*
From out the flaming Chariot, and bleſt
Thy painful Womb: Thy pains a while increaſt,
At length ſhe laid her gentle palms upon
Thy fruitful flank, and there was born a ſon.
She made thee Mother of a ſmiling Boy,
And after, bleſt thee with a Mothers joy,
She kiſs'd the Babe, whoſe fortune ſhe foretold;
For on his head ſhe ſet a Crown of Gold;
Forthwith, as if the Heavens had cloven aſunder,
Me thought I heard the horrid noiſe of thunder:
The hail ſtorm'd down, and yet the skie was clear,
Some Hailſtones that deſcended did appear,

As Orient Pearls, some like refined Gold,
Whereat the goddess turn'd, and said, Behold,
Great Jove hath sent a gift; go forth, and take't:
Thus having spoke, she vanisht, and I wak'd:
I wak'd, and waking trembled; for I knew
They were no idle passages, that grew
From my distempered thoughts: 'twas not a vain
Delusion roaving from a troubled brain.
It was a vision, and the gods foreshake
Partheniaes fortune? Gods cannot mistake.
I lik'd the dream, wherein the Heavens foretold
Thy joyful Marriage, and the shower of Gold
Betokened wealth: The Infants Golden Crown,
Ensuing honor: Juno's coming down,
A safe deliverance; and the smiling Boy
Sum'd up the total of a Mothers joy:
But what the wreath of Cypres (that was set
Upon thy nuptial Brows) presag'd, as yet
The gods keep from me: If that secret do
Portend an evil, Heav'n keep it from thee too.
Advise Parthenia: Seek not to withstand
The plot wherein the gods vouchsafe a hand:
Submit thy will to theirs; what they injoyn,
Must be; nor lies it in my power, or thine
To contradict: Endeavor to fulfil
What, else, must come to pass against thy will:
Now by the filial duty thou dost bear
The gods and me, or if ought else more dear
Can force obedience; as thou hop'st to speed
At the gods hands, in greatest time of need;
By Heaven, by Hell, by all the powers above,
I here conjure Parthenia to remove
All fond conceits, that labor to disjoyn
What Heaven hath knit, Demagoras heart and thine;
The gods are faithful; and their wisdoms know
What's better for us mortals, than we do:
Doubt not (my childe) the gods cannot deceive,
What Heaven does offer, fear not to receive
With thankful hands; pass not so slightly over
The dear affection of so true a lover:

Pity

Pity his flames, relieve his tortur'd breſt,
That findes abroad no joy, at home no reſt:
But, like a wounded Hart before the Hounds,
That flies with Cupid's *javelin in his wounds:*
Stir up thy rak'd up embers of deſire;
The gods will bring in fewel and blow the fire;
Be gentle; let thy cordial ſmiles revive
His waſted ſpirits, that onely cares to live
To do thee honor: It was Cupid's *will,*
The Dart *he ſent, ſhould onely wound, not kill;*
Yield then: and let the engag'd gods pour down
Their promis'd bleſſings on thy head, and crown
Thy youth with joys; and maiſt thou after be
As bleſt in thine, as I am bleſt in thee.

So ſaid, the fair *Parthenia*, to whoſe heart
Her fixt deſires had taught th'unwilling Art
Of diſobedience, calls her judgment in,
And, of two evils, determines it a ſin
More venial, by a reſolute denial,
To prove undutiful, than be diſloyal
To him, whoſe heart a ſacred Vow had tied
So faſt to hers; and (weeping) thus replied.

Madam,
The angry gods have late conſpir'd to ſhow
The utmoſt their inraged hands could do,
And having laid aſide all mercy, ſtretch
Their power, to make one miſerable wretch,
Whoſe curſt and tortur'd ſoul muſt onely be
The ſubject of their wrath; and I am ſhe.
Hard is the caſe! My dear deſires muſt fail,
My vows muſt crack, my plighted faith be frail;
Or elſe affection muſt be ſo exil'd
A Mothers heart, that ſhe renounce her childe.

And as ſhe ſpake that word, a flowing tide
Of tears guſht out, whoſe violence deny'd
Th'intended paſſage of her doubling tongue:
She ſtopt a while, then on the floor ſhe flung
Her proſtrate body, while her hands did tear
(Not knowing what they did) her dainty hair:

Sometimes she struck the ground, sometimes her breast;
Began some words, and then wept out the rest:
At last, her liveless hands did, by degrees,
Raise her cast body on her feeble knees,
And humbly rearing her sad eyes upon
Her Mothers frowning visage, thus went on.

Upon these knees, these knees that ne'r were bent,
To you in vain; that never did present
Their unrewarded duty: never rose
Without a Mothers blessing; upon those,
Upon those naked knees I recommend
To your dear thoughts, those torments that attend
Your poor Parthenia, *whose unknown distress*
Craves rather death, than language to express.
What shall I do? Demagoras *and death*
Sound both alike to these sad ears; that breath
That names the one, does nominate the other:
No, no, I cannot love him, my dear Mother.
Command Parthenia *now to undergo*
What death you please, and these quick hands shall show
The seal of my obedience in my heart:
The gods themselves, that have a secret art
To force affection, cannot violate
The Law of Nature, nor the course of Fate.
Can Earth forget her burthen, and ascend?
Or can th' aspiring flames be taught to tend
To the Earth? If Fire descend, and Earth aspire,
Earth were no longer Earth, nor Fire, Fire:
Even so, by Nature, 'tis all one to me,
To love Demagoras *and not to be:*
No, no, the Heavens can do no act that's greater,
Than (having made so) to preserve their creature:
And think you that the righteous Gods will fill me
With such false joys, as (if any'd) would kill me?
I know that they are merciful, what they
Command, they give a power to obey:
The joyful Vision that your slumbring eyes
Of late beheld, did promise and comprise
A fairer fortune, than the Heavens can share
The poor Partheniaes *merit; whom despair*

Hath

Hath ſwallow'd: Your prophetick dream deſcry'd
A Royal Marriage; pointed out the Bride:
Her ſafe deliverance; and her ſmiling ſun;
Honor and wealth; and after all was done,
There wants a Bridegroom: Him, the Heavens have ſeal'd
Within my Breſt, by me to be reveal'd;
Which if your patience ſhall vouchſafe to hear,
My Lips ſhall recommend unto your ear.
When as Baſilius *(may whoſe royal hand*
Long ſway the Scepter of th' Arcadian Land)
From Cyprus *brought his more than Princely Bride,*
The fair Gynecia, *(whom as* Greece *deny'd*
An equal; ſo the world acknowledg'd none
As her ſuperior in perfection:)
Upon this Ladies royal train, and ſtate,
A great concourſe of Nobles did attait,
And Cyprian *Princes, with their Princely part,*
To ſee her crown'd in the Arcadian *Court:*
Illuſtrious Princes were they; but, as far
As midnight Phebe *out-ſhines a twinkling ſtar;*
So far, amongſt this rout of Princes, one
Surpaſt the reſt, in honor and renown:
Whoſe perfect virtue findes more admiration
In the Arcadian *Court, than imitation:*
In th' excellence of his outward parts, and feature,
The World conceives, the curious hand of Nature
Out-went it ſelf; which being richly fraught
And furniſht with tranſcendent worth, is thought
To be the choſen fortreſs for protection
Of all the Arts, and ſtore-houſe of Perfection:
The Cyprus *ſtock did ne'r, till now, bring forth*
So rare a Branch, whoſe undervalued worth
Brings greater glory to the Arcadian *Land,*
Than can the dull Arcadians *underſtand:*
His name is Argalus:
He (Madam) was that Cypreſs wreath, *that crown'd*
My nuptial brows: And now the Bridegroom's found,
Cloath'd in the myſtery of that Cypreſs wreath;
Which, ſince the better gods have pleas'd to breathe
Into my ſoul, O may I ceaſe to be,

If

If ought but death part Argalus *and me:*
Tet does my safe obedience not withstand
What you desire, or what the gods command:
For what the gods command is your desire
Parthenia *should obey, and not respire*
Against their sacred counsels, or withstand
The plot, wherein they have vouchsaf'd a hand:
We must submit our wills; that they enjoyn
Must be; nor lies it in your power or mine,
To cross: We must endeavor to fulfil
What else must come to pass against our will;
My vows are past, and second Heavens decree.
Nothing shall part my Argalus *and me.*

So said, th'impatient Mothers kindled eye
(Half closed with a murtherous frown) let flie
A scorching Fire-ball, from whence was shed
Some drops of choler; sternly shakes her head;
With trembling hands unlocks the door, and flees,
Leaving *Parthenia* on her aking knees:
And as she fled, her fury thus began
To open, *And is* Argalus *the man?*
But there she stops, and striving to express
What rage had prompted, could do nothing less.

All you whose dear affections have been tost
In Cupid's *Blanket, and unjustly crost*
By wilful Parents, whose extream command
Hath made you groan beneath their tyrannous hand,
That take a furious pleasure to divorce
Your souls from your best thoughts, (nay, what is worse
Than torture) force your fancies to respect,
And dearly love, whom most you disaffect;
Draw near, and comfort the distressed heart
Of poor Parthenia; *let your eyes impart*
One drop at least: And whoso'er thou be
That read'st these Lines, may thy desires see
The like success, if reading, thou forbear,
To wet this very Paper with a tear.

Behold (poor Lady) how an hours time
Hath pluck'd her faded Roses from their prime,

Who

Who like an unregarded ruine, lies,
With deaths untimely image in her eyes:
She, she, whom hopeful thoughts had newly crown'd
With promis'd joys, lies grov'ling on the ground;
Her weary hand sustains her drooping head;
(Too soft a Pillow for so hard a Bed)
Her eyes swoln up, as loth to see the light,
That would discover so forlorn a sight:
The flaxen wreath of her neglected hairs
Stick fast to her pale Cheeks with dried tears;
And at first blush, she seems, as if it were
Some curious statue on a Sepulchre:
Sometimes her briny Lips would whisper thus,
My Argalus, my dearest Argalus:
And then they clos'd again, as if the one
Had kist the other, for that service done,
In naming *Argalus*: Sometimes oppress't
With a deep sigh, she gave her fainting brest
A sudden stroke; and after that another,
Crying, *Hard fortune, O hard-hearted mother!*
And sick with her own thoughts, her passion strove
Betwixt the two extreams of grief and love:
The more she griev'd, the more her love abounded:
The more she lov'd, the more her heart was wounded
With desp'rate grief: at length, the tyrannous force
Of love and grief, sent forth this self discourse.
How art thou chang'd (Parthenia) *how hath passion*
Put all thy thoughts and senses out of fashion?
Exil'd thy little judgment, and betray'd thee?
To thine own self? How nothing hath it made thee?
How is thy weather-beaten soul oppress't
With storms and tempests blown from the North-east
Of cold dest air? which, long ere this, had found
Eternal rest; had been o'erwhelm'd and drown'd
In the deep gulf of all my miseries,
Had I not pumpt this water from mine eyes;
My Argalus; O where, O where art thou?
How little think'st thy poor Parthenia, now
Tortur'd for thy sake; alas, (dear heart!)
How knowest not th' unsufferable smart

I am-

I undergo for thee: Thou dost not keep
A Register of those sad tears I weep,
No, no, thou dost not.
Well, well; from henceforth, Fortune, *do not spare*
To do the worst thy active mischief dare;
Devise new torments, or repeat the old,
Until thou burst, or I complain: Behold,
As bitter; I disdain thy rage, thy power;
Who's level'd with the Earth, can fall no lower;
Do; spit thy venome forth, and temper all
Thy studied actions with the spirit of gall:
Thy practis'd malice can no harm devise
Too sure for Argalus *to exercise:*
His love shall sweeten death, and make a torture
My spightful pastime, to make hours shorter:
His love shall fill my heart, and leave no room
Wherein your rage may practice Martyrdom.
But ere that word could usher out another,
The tender Virgins marble-hearted mother,
Enters the Chamber; with a chang'd aspect
Beholds *Parthenia*; with a new respect
Salutes her childe, and (having clos'd the door)
Her helpful arm removes her from the floor
Whereon she lay, and being set together,
In gentle terms, she thus did commune with her:
Perverse Parthenia, *is thy heart so sworn*
To Argalus *his love, that it must scorn*
Demag'ras? *are your souls conjoyn'd so close,*
That my entreaty may not interpose?
If so, what help? yet let a Mothers care
Be not contemn'd, that bids her childe beware.
The Sickle that's too early, cannot reap
A fruitful Harvest; look before you leap.
Adjourn your thoughts, and make a wise delay,
You cannot measure Virtue in a day;
Virtues appear, but Vices balk the light;
'Tis hard to read a vice at the first sight.
False are those joys that are not mixt with doubt,
Fire easily kindled, will not easily out:
Divide that love, which thou bestow'st on one,

'Twixt two; try both, then take the best or none:
Consult with time; for time bewrays, discovers
The faith, the love, the constancy of lovers.
Acts done in haste, by leisure are repented,
And things, soon past, are oft too late lamented.
With that *Parthenia* rising from her place,
And bowing with incomparable grace,
Made this reply: *Madam, each several day*
Since first you gave this body being, may
Write a large volume of your tender care,
Whose hourly goodness, if it should compare
With my deserts, alas, the world would show
Too great a sum for one poor heart to owe.
I must confess my heart is not so sworn
To Argalus *his merit, as to scorn*
Demagoras; *nor yet so loosly tide,*
That I can slip the knot, and so divide
Entire affection, which must not be sever'd,
Nor ever can be (but in vain) endeavor'd:
My heart is one, and by one power guided:
One is no number, cannot be divided:
And Cupid's *learned Schoolmen have resolv'd,*
That love divided, is but love dissolv'd:
But yet, what plighted faith and honor may
Not now undo, your counsel shall delay.
Madam, Partheniaes *hand is not so greedy,*
To reap her corn, before her corn be ready:
Her unadvised sickle shall not thrust
Into her hopeful Harvest, ere weeds must:
To yours, Parthenia *shall submit her skill,*
Whose season shall be season'd by your will:
Her time of Harvest shall admit no measure,
But onely what's proportioned by your pleasure.

So ended she; but till that darkness got
The mast'ry of the light, they parted not:
The Mother pleads for the *Laconian* Lord;
The daughter (whose impatience had abhorr'd
His very name, had not her Mother spok't)
She pleads her vow, which cannot be revok't:

Yet ſtill the Mother pleads, and does omit
No way untry'd, that a hard-hearted wit
Knows to deviſe: perſwades, allures, intreats,
Mingles her words with ſmiles, with tears, wth threa
Commands, conjures, tries one way, tries another,
Does th'utmoſt that a marble-breſted Mother
Can do; and yet the more ſhe did apply,
The more ſhe taught *Parthenia* to deny,
The more ſhe did aſſault, the more contend,
The more ſhe taught the Virgin to defend:
At laſt, deſpairing (for her words did finde
More hopes to move a Mountain than her minde)
She ſpake no more: but from her chair ſhe ſtarted,
And ſpit theſe words, *Go peeviſh Girl*, and parted:
Away ſhe flings, and finding no ſucceſs
In her loſt words, her fury did addreſs
Her raging thoughts to a new ſtudied plot:
Actions muſt now enforce, what words could not.
Treaſon is in her thoughts: her furious breath
Can whiſper now no language under death:
Poor *Argalus* muſt die, and his remove
Muſt make the paſſage to *Demagoras* love:
And till that bar be broken, or put by,
No hope to ſpeed: Poor *Argalus* muſt die.
Demagoras is call'd to counſel now,
Conſults, conſents, and after mutual vow,
Reſolving on the act, they both conſpire
Which way to execute their cloſe deſire:
Drawing his keen *Steeletto* from his ſide,
Madam (ſaid he) *this medicine well apply'd*
To Argalus *his boſom, will give reſt*
To him, and me: the ſudden way is beſt.
My Lord: your trembling hand (ſaid ſhe) *may miſs*
The mark, and then your ſelf in danger is
Of out-cry; or perchance his own reſiſtance:
Attempts are dangerous, at ſo ſmall a diſtance:
A Drug *'s the better weapon, which does breathe*
Death ſecret errand, carries ſudden death
Cloſ'd up in ſweetneſs: Come, a Drug *ſtrikes ſure,*
And works our ends, and yet we ſleep ſecure:

My Lord, bethink no other: set your rest
Upon these Cards: *the surest way is best:*
Leave me to manage our successful Plot,
And if these studious brows contrive it not
Too sure for art of Magick *to prevent,*
Ne'r trust a womans wit when fully bent
To take revenge: Begone, my Lord, Repose
The trust in me: Onely be wise, be close.

That night, when as the universal shade
Of the unspangled Heaven and Earth, had made
An utter darkness; (darkness apt to further
The horrid enterprise of rapes, and murther)
She, she, that now lacks nothing to procure
A full revenge, she calls *Athleia* to her,
(*Partheniaes* handmaid) whom she thus bespake:
Athleia, *dare thy private thoughts partake*
With mine? Canst thou be secret? Has thy heart
A lock, that none can pick by theevish art,
Or break by force? tell me, canst thou digest
A secret, trusted to thy faithful Brest?
Madam (said she) *Let me never be true*
To my own thoughts, if ever false to you:
Speak what you please; Athleia *shall conceal*;
Torments may make me rear, but ne'r reveal.
Reply'd the Lady then: Athleia *knows*
How much, how much my dear affection owes
Partheniaes heart, whose welfare is the crown
Of all my joys, which now is overthrown,
And deeply buried in forgotten dust,
If thou betray the secret of my trust;
It lieth in thy power to remove
Approaching evils: Parthenia *is in love:*
Her wasted spirits languish in her brest,
And nought, but look'd for death, can give her rest:
To Argalus *she loves*; *who with disdain*
Requites her love, not loving her again;
He slights her tears; *the more that he neglects*;
The more entirely she (poor soul) affects.
She groans beneath the burthen of despair,
And with her sighs she cloys the idle air:

Thou art acquainted with her private fears,
And you, so oft exchanging tongues and tears,
Must know too much, for one poor heart t'endure;
But desperate's the wound admits no cure:
It lies in thee to help: Athleia *say,*
Wilt thou assist me, if I finde the way?
Madam, my forced ignorance shall be
Sufficient earnest for my secrecy:
Your Lips have utter'd nothing that is new
To Athleia's *ears; alas, it is too true:*
Long, long ere this, your servant had reveal'd
The same to you, had not these Lips been seal'd:
But if my best endeavors may extend
To bring my Ladies sorrows to an end,
Let all th'enraged Deities allot
To me worse torment, if I do it not:
My life's too poor to hazard for her ease;
Madam, I'll d'it, Command me what you please.
So said: the treacherous Lady stept aside,
Into her serious closet; and appli'd
Her hasty, and perfidious hands, to frame
This forged Letter, in *Partheniaes* name.

To her faithful *Argalus.*

ALthough the malice of a Mother
Does yet enforce my tongue to smother
What my desire is, should flame;
Yet Parthenia's *the same.*
Although my fire be hid a while,
'Tis but fire slak'd with oyl:
Before seven Suns shall rise and fall,
It shall burn, and blaze withall.

What I send thee, drink with speed.
Else let my Argalus *take heed;*
Unless thy providence withstand,
There is treason near at hand:
Drink as thou lov'st me, and it shall secure thee
From future dangers, or from past, recure thee.

Thy constant *Parthenia.*

This

This done, and seal'd, she op'd her private door,
Call'd in *Athleia*, and said, *For every sore*
The gods provide a salve; force must prevail
Where sighs and tears, and deep entreaties fail.
Forthwith, from out her Cabinet she took
A little glass, and said, Athleia; *look,*
Within these slender walls, these glazed lists,
Partheniaes *happiness, and life consists:*
It is Nepenthe; *which the factious gods*
Do use to drink, when ere they be at ods;
Whose secret virtue (so infus'd by Jove)
Does turn deep hatred, into dearest love;
It makes the proudest lover whine and baul,
And such to dote, as never lov'd at all:
Here, take this glass, and recommend the same
To Argalus *in his* Partheniaes *name,*
And to his hand, to his own hand commit
This Letter; between Argalus *and it*
Let no eye come: Be sure thy speed prevent
The rising Sun; and so Heavens crown th'event.
By this, the feather'd *Belman* of the night
Sent forth his midnight summons, to invite
All eyes to slumber; when they both addrest
Their thoughtful mindes, to take a doubtful rest.
O Heavens! and you, O you celestial powers,
That never slumber, but imploy all hours
In mans protection; still preserving, keeping
Our souls from obvious dangers, waking, sleeping.
O, can your all discerning eyes behold
Such impious actions prosper uncontrol'd?
O can your hearts, your tender hearts endure
To see your servant (that now sleeps secure,
Unarm'd, unwarn'd, and having no defence,
But your protection, and his innocence)
Betray'd and murther'd, drawing at one breath
His own prepar'd destruction, his own death?
And will ye suffer't? he that is the crown
Of prized virtue, honor, and renown;
The flower of Arts; the Cyprian *living story:*
Arcadia's Garland, and great Greece's glory;

The Earths new wonder, and the Worlds example,
Must die betray'd; Treason and Death must trample
Upon his life; and, in the dust must lie
As much admir'd perfection, as can die.
No, Argalus, *the coward hand of death,*
Durst ne'r assault thee, if not underneath
The mask of love: Thou art above the reach
Of open wrongs; mans force could ne'r make breach
Into thy life: No, Death could ne'r uncase
Thy soul, had she appeared face to face.
Dream, Argalus, *and let thy thoughts be troubled*
With murthers, treasons, let thy dreams be doubled:
And what thy frighted fancy shall perceive,
Be wisely superstitious, and believe.
O, that my lines could wake thee now, and sever
Those eye-lids, that ere long must sleep for ever:
Wake now or never Argalus, *and withstand*
Thy danger: Wake, the Murtheress is at hand:
Parthenia, *O* Parthenia, *who shall vveep*
Thy vvorld of tears? Canst thou, O canst thou sleep?
Will thy dull Genius give thee leave to slumber?
Does nothing trouble thee? no dream incumber
Thy frighted thoughts, and Argalus *so near*
His latest hovver? Not one dreaming tear?
Sleep on: and vvhen thy flattering slumber's past,
Perchance, thine eyes vvill learn to vveep as fast:
His death is plotted; and this morning light
Must send him dovvn, into eternal night:
Nay, vvhat is vvorse than vvorst; his dying breath
Will censure thee, as Agent to his death.

By this, the broad-fac'd *Quirister* of night
Surceas'd her screeching note, and took her flight
To the next neighboring Ivy: Birds and Beasts
Forsake the warm protection of their Nests,
And nightly Dens, whilest darkness did display
Her sable Curtains to let in the day;
When sad *Athleia*'s dream had unbenighted
Her slumbring eies, her busie thoughts were frighted;
She rose, and trembled; and being half distraught
With her prophetick fears, she thus bethought.

What

What ails the gods thus to disturb my rest,
And make such Earth-quakes in my troubled breſt?
Nothing but death, and murthers? Graves and Bells,
Frightning my fancy, with their hourly Knells?
'Twas nothing but a dream; and dreams, they ſay,
Expound themſelves the clean contrary way:
The Riddle's read; and now I underſtand
My dreams intents: Some marriage is at hand:
For Death interpreted is nothing elſe
But Marriage; and the melancholly Bells
Is mirth and muſick: By the Grave, is read
The joyful, joyful, joyful marriage bed:
I, it is plain: and now, methinks, 'twas I
That my prophetick dream foretold ſhould die.
If this be death, Death *exerciſe thy power,*
And let Athleia *die within this hour:*
Do, do thy worſt, Athleia's *faithful breath*
Shall pray for nothing more than ſuddain death.
But ſtay, Athleia, *the too forward day*
Begins to gild the Eaſt; away, away.

So having ſaid, the nimble-fingered Laſs
Took the forg'd Letter, and the amorous glaſs:
And to her early progreſs ſhe applies her:
Departs, and towards *Argalus* ſhe hies her;
But every ſtep ſhe took, her mind enforc'd
New thoughts, and with her ſelf ſhe thus diſcours'd:

How frail's the nature of a womans will!
How croſs! The thing that's moſt forbidden, ſtill
They more deſire; and leaſt inclin'd to do,
What they are moſt of all perſwaded to:
Had not (alas) my Lady bound theſe hands,
Athleia *ne'r had ſtrugled with her bands:*
I muſt not taſte it! Had ſhe not injoyn'd
My Lips from taſting it, Athleia's *minde*
Had never thought on't; now methinks I long;
Deſires, if once confin'd, become too ſtrong
For womans conquer'd reaſon to reſiſt:
A womans reaſon's meaſur'd by her liſt.
I long to taſte; yet was there nothing did
Move my deſire, but that I was forbid.

With that she staid her weary steps, and hasted
T' unty the glass; lift up her arm, and tasted:
That done (and having now attain'd, almost,
Her journeys end) the little time she lost,
New speed regains: The nimble ground she traces
With double haste, and quick redoubled paces,
All on a sudden she begins to faint:
Her bowels gripe, her breath begins to taint:
Her blistred tongue grows hot, her liver glows:
Her veins do boil, her colour comes and goes,
She staggers, falls, and on the ground she lies:
Swells like a bladder, roars, and bursts, and dies.
Thus from her ruine *Argalus* derives
His longer life, and by her death he lives;
Live *Argalus*, and let the gods allot
Such morning-draughts, to those that love thee not.
Live long, and let the righteous Powers above,
That hath preserv'd thee for *Partheniaes* love,
Crown all thy hopes, and fortunes with event
Too sure, for second treasons to prevent.
By this time, did the lavish breath of Fame
Give language to her Trumpet, and proclaim
Athleiaes death the current of which news
Truth's warrant, had forbidden to abuse
Deceived ears: Which when the Lady heard,
Whose treacherous heart was greedily prepar'd
To entertain a murther, she arose
And with rude violence desperately throws
Her trembling body on the naked floor,
But what she said, and did, I will deplore,
Not utter; but with forced silence smother,
Because she was the fair *Partheniaes* Mother:
May it suffice, that the extreams of shame,
And unresisted sorrow overcame
Her disappointed malice, less lamenting
The treason, than success; and more repenting
Of what she fail'd to do, than what she did,
Her sullen soul despairs; her thoughts forbid
What reason wants the power to perswade;
And griefs being grown too deep for her to wade,

She

She sinks; and with a hollow sigh she cried,
Welcome thou ease of all evils, and died.
Now tongues begin to walk; and every ear
Hath got the *Saturyasis* to hear
This tragick Scene: the breath of *Fame* grows bold,
Fears no repulse, and scorns to be control'd:
Whilest loud report (whose tender Lips, before,
Durst onely whisper now begins to roar;
The Letter found in dead *Athleiaes* breast,
Bewray'd the plot, and what (before) was guest,
Is now confirm'd and clear'd: for all men knew
Whose hand it was, and whence the malice grew.
But have we lost Parthenia? *In what Isle*
Of endless sorrow lurks she all this while?
Sweet Reader, urge me not to tell, for fear
To my heart dissolve, *and melt into a tear:*
Excuse my silence: if my lines should speak,
Such marble hearts, as could not melt, would break.
No, leave her to her self; it is not fit
To write, what being read, you'd wish unwrit:
I leave this task to those, that take delight,
To see poor Ladies tortur'd in despight
Of all remorse; whose hearts are still at strife
To paint a torment to the very life;
I leave that task to such, as have the pow'r
To weep, and smile again within an hour:
To those whose flinty hearts are more contented
To lim a grief, than pity the tormented:
Let it suffice, that had not Heaven protected
Her Argalus, *the joy whereof corrected*
That furious grief, which passion recommended
To her sad thoughts, her story here had ended.
When time the enemy of *Fame* had clos'd
Her babling Lips, and gently had compos'd
Partheniaes sorrows, raising from the ground
Her body spent with grief, and almost drown'd
In her own tears, a long expected Scean
Of better fortune enters in, to drean
Her marsh eyes: her stormy night of tears
Being past, a welcome day of joy appears,

The

The Rock's remov'd, and loves wide Ocean now
Gives room enough; looks with a milder brow.
Reader, forget thy sorrows: Let thine ear
Welcome the tidings thou so long'st to hear:
A lovers diet's sweet commixt with sowre;
His Hell and Heaven oft times divides an hour.
Now *Argalus* can finde a fair access
To his *Parthenia:* Now fears nothing less
Than ears and eyes; and now *Partheniaes* heart
Can give her tongue the freedom to impart
His louder welcome, whilest her greedy eye
Can look her fill, and fear no stander by:
She's not *Parthenia*, he not present with her;
And he not *Argalus*, if not together: (chat;
Their cheeks are fill'd with smiles; their tongues with
Now, this they make their subject; and now, that:
One while they laugh, and laughing, wrangle too,
And jar, as zealous lovers use to do:
And then a kiss must make them friends again:
Faith, one's too little; Lovers must have twain:
Two brings in ten, Ten multiplies to twenty:
That, to a hundred: then because the plenty
Grows troublesome to count, and does incumber
Their Lips, their Lips gave kisses without number:
Their thoughts run back to former times: they told
Of all loves passages they had of old:
Of this thing done, the time, the place, and why:
The manner how, and who were present by:
The Mothers craft, her undeceiv'd suspition.
Her baited words, her marble disposition:
His pining thoughts, and her projecting fears:
His soliloquies, and her secret tears:
Where first they met, th'occasion of their meeting:
Their complement, the manner of their greeting:
His danger, his deliverance, and the reason
That first indue'd the Agents to the Treason.
Thus by the priviledge of time and leasure
Their sweet discourses (crown'd with mutual pleasure
Commixt with grief) they equal with the light,
And after, grumble at the envious night,

Which

Which bids them part too soon: what day deny'd
In words, in thoughts the tedious night supply'd,
Which blam'd the *Fates* for doing Lovers wrong,
To make the day so short, the night so long.
But now the little winged-god repented
That he had laugh'd so much, his heart relented,
His very soul grew sad, his blinded eye
Began to weep at his own tyranny:
Laments their sorrows: findes a secret way,
To make the night as pleasing as the day:
Calls *Hymen* in, and in his ear discovers
The lingring torments of these wounded Lovers:
Gives him a charge, no longer to defer,
T'ingross their names within his Register.
And now *Parthenias* harvest draweth near:
(The dearly purchas'd price of many a tear)
Her joy shall reap, what a world of grief hath sown:
The time's appointed, and the day's set down,
Wherein sweet *Hymen*, with his nuptial bands,
Shall joyn together their espoused hands.
Here stop my Muse: retire thy self and stay,
To gather breath against the *Marriage-day*.

Reader, the joyful Bride salutes ye all,
In her behalf, if any have let fall
A tender tear, to those she makes request,
That they'll be pleas'd to grace her Marriage Feast.

Argalus

Argalus and *Parthenia.*

The Second Part.

SAil gentle Pinnace: Now the Heavens are clear,
The Winds blow fair: Behold the Harbor's near,
Tridented *Neptune* hath forgot to frown,
The Rocks are paſt: The ſtorm is over-blown.
Upweather-beaten Voyagers, and rouze ye,
Forſake your loathed Cabbins: Up and louze ye
Upon the open Decks, and ſmell the Land:
Chear up, the welcome Shore is nigh at hand:
Sail gentle Pinnace, with a proſperous gale,
To th' Iſle of *Peace*: Sail, gentle Pinnace, ſail:
Fortune conduct thee! Let thy keel divide
The Silver ſtreams, that thou maiſt ſafely ſlide
Into the boſome of thy quiet Key,
And quit thee fairly of th'injurious Sea.
Great Sea-born Queen, thy birth-right gives thee power
T'aſſiſt poor ſuppliants, grant one happy hour:
O, let theſe wounded Lovers be poſſeſt,
At length, of their ſo long deſired reſt.
Now, now the joyful marriage-day draws on:
The Bride is buſie, and the Bridegroom's gone
To call his fellow Princes to the feaſt:
The Garland's made: The Bridal Chamber's dreſt:
The Muſes have conſulted with the Graces,
To crown the day, and honor their embraces

With shadow'd *Epithalms*: their warbling tongues
Are pe fect in their new made *Lyrick* songs:
Hymen begins to grumble at de'ay,
And *Bacchus* laughs to think upon the day;
The Virgin-tapers, and what other rights
Do appertain to *Nuptial* delights
Are all prepar'd, whereby may be expreſt
The joyful triumph of this marriage-feaſt.
But ſtay! who lends me now an Iron Pen,
T' engrave within the Marble-hearts of Men
A Tragick Scene? Which whoſo'er ſhall read,
His eyes may ſpare to weep, and learn to bleed
Carnatian tears: If time ſhall not allow
His death-prevented eyes to weep enow,
Then let his dying language recommend
What's left to his poſterity to end.
Thou ſaddeſt of all Muſes, come, afford
Thy ſtudious help, that each conſuming word
May rend a heart (at leaſt) that every Line
May pickle up a Kingdom in the Brine
Of her own tears: O teach me how t'extract
The ſpirit of grief, whoſe virtue may diſtract
Thoſe breſts, which ſorrow knows not how to kill,
Inſpire, O, inſpire my melting quill;
And, like ſad Niobe, *let every one*
That cann t melt, be turn'd into a ſtone:
Teach me to paint an oft-repeated ſigh
So to the life, that whoſo'er be nigh,
May hear it breathe, and learn to do the like
By imitation, till true paſſion ſtrike
Their bleeding hearts: Let ſuch as ſhall rehearſe
This ſtory, howl like Iriſh *at a Hearſe.*
Th' event ſtill crowns the act: Let no man ſay,
Before the evening's come, 'tis a fair day:
For when the Kalends of this Bridal feaſt
Were entred in, and every longing breſt
W'axt great with expectation, and all eyes
(Prepar'd for entertaining novelties)
W'ere grown impatient now, to be ſuffic'd
With that, which Art and Honor had deviſ'd

T'dom

T'adorn the times withal, and to display
Their bounty, and the glory of that day,
The rare *Parthenia*, taking sweet occasion
To bless her busie thoughts, with contemplation
Of absent *Argalus*, whose too long stay
Made minutes seem as days, and every day
A measur'd age; into her secret bower
Betook her weary steps, where every hour
Her greedy ears expect to hear the sum
Of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come.
She hopes, she fears at once; and still she muses
What makes him stay so long; she chides, excuses;
She questions, answers, and she makes reply,
And talks, as if her *Argalus* were by:
Why com'st thou not? Can Argalus *forget*
His languishing Parthenia? *What not yet?*
But as she spake that word, she heard a noise,
Which seem'd, as if it were the whisp'ring voice
Of close conspiracy: She began to fear
She knew not what, till her deceived ear
(Instructed by her hopes) had singled out
The voice of *Argalus* from all the rout;
Whose steps (as she supposed) did prepare,
By stealth to seize upon her unaware:
She gave advantage to the thriving plot,
Hearing the noise, as if she heard it not:
Like as young Doves, (which ne'r had yet forsaken
The warm protection of their nest, or taken
Upon themselves, a self-providing care,
To shift for food, but with paternal fare
Grow fat and plump) think every noise they hear,
Their full crop-parents are at hand to clear
Their craving stomacks; whilst th'impatient fist
Of the false Cater, rifling where it list,
In every hole, surprises them, and sheds
Their guiltless blood, and parts their gasping heads
From their vain strugling bodies; so, even so,
Our poor deceiv'd *Parthenia*, (that did owe
Too much to her own hopes) the whilst her eyes
Were set to welcome the unvalued prize

Of all her joys, her dearest *Argalus*,
Stept in *Demagoras*, and salutes her thus:
Base Trull, Demagoras *comes to let thee see,*
How much he scorns thy painted face, and thee:
Foul Sorceress! could thy prosperous actions think
To 'scape revenge, because the gods did wink
At thy designs? Think'st thou thy Mothers blood
Cryes in a language, not to be understood?
Hadst thou no closer stratagem, to further
Thy pamper'd lust, but by the savage murther
Of thine own aged parent, whose sad death
Must give a freedom to the whisp'ring breath
Of thy enjoy'd Adulterer? who (they say)
Will cloak thy whoredom with a marriage day:
Nay struggle not, here's none that can reprieve
Such provided beasts: it is in vain to strive,
Or roar for help; Why dost not rather weep
That I my laugh? perchance, if thou wilt creep
Upon thy wanton Belly, and confess
Thy self a true repentant Murtheress,
My sinful Page may play the fool, and gather
Thy early fruit into his Barn, and father
The new-got Cyprian *Bastard, if that he*
Be half so wise, that got it, but to flee:
Hah! do'st thou weep? or do false mists but mock
Abused eyes? from stubdure a Rock
Can water flow? Weeping will make thee fair;
Weep till thy marriage-day; that who repair
To grace thy feast, may fall a weeping too,
And, in a mirror, see what tears can do.
Vile Strumpet! did thy flattering thoughts e'er wrong
Thy judgment so; to think, Demagoras *tongue*
Could so defile his honor, as to sue
For serious love? so base a thing as you
(Methinks should rather fix your wanton eyes
Upon some easie Groom, that hopes to rise
Into his Master's favor for your sake:
I, this had been preferment, like to make
A hopeful fortune: Thou presumptuous trash!
What was my courtship, but the minutes dash

Of youthful passion, to allay the dust
Of my desires, and exuberous lust?
I scorn thee to the soul, and here I stand
Bound for revenge, whereto I set my hand.'
With that, he grip'd her rudely by the fair
And bounteous treasure of her Nymph-like hair:
And, by it, drag'd her on the dusty floor:
He stopt her mouth, for fear she should implore
An aid from Heaven: she swouning in the place,
His salvage hands besmear'd her liveless face
With horrid poyson, thinking she was dead,
He left her breathless, and away he fled.
Come, come ye Furies, you malignant spirits,
Infernal Harpies, or what else inherits
The Land of darkness; you that still converse
With damned souls; you, you that can rehearse
The horrid facts of villains, and can tell
How every Hell-hound looks that roars in Hell,
Survey them all; and, then inform my Pen,
To draw in one, the monster of all Men:
Teach me to limb a villain, and to paint,
With dext'rous art, the basest Sycophant
That ere the mouth of insolent disdain
Vouchsaf'd to spit upon: The putrid Blain
Of all diseased humors, fit for none
But Dogs to lift their nasty leg upon:
So clear mens eyes, that whosoever shall see
The type of baseness, may cry, This is he!
Let his reproach be a perpetual blot
In Honors Book: Let his remembrance rot
In all good mindes: Let none but villains call
His Bug-bear name to memory, wherewithall
To fright their bauling Bastards: Let no spell
Be found so repotent, to prevail in Hell,
Than the nine Letters of his charm-like name:
Which, let our baneful Christ-cross-row disclaim
To the worlds end, not worthy to be set
In any but the Jewish Alphabet.
But hark! Am I deceiv'd: Or do I hear
The voice of *Argalus* sounding in mine ear?

He calls *Parthenia*: No, that Tongue can be
No counterfeit: He's come: 'Tis he, 'tis he.
Welcome too late, that art no *w* come too soon:
Hadst thou been here, this deed had ne'er been don:
Alas! when lovers linger, and out-go
Their promis'd Date, they know not what they do;
Men fondly say, That women are too fond
At parting; to require so strict a Bond
For quick return: Poor souls! 'tis they endure
Oft times the danger of the forfeiture:
I blame them not: For mischeif still attends
Upon the too long absence of true friends.
Well, *Argalus* is come, and seeks about
In every room to finde *Parthenia* out:
He asks, inquires, but all Lips are sparing
To be the Authors of ill news, not daring
To speak the truth: they all amazed stand:
And now my Lord's as fearful to demand;
Dares not enquire her health, lest his sad ear
Should hear such words, as he's afraid to hear:
All Lips are bolted with a Linnen Bar,
And every eye does, like a Blazing-Star,
Portend some evil, no Language findes a Leak:
The less they speak, the more he fears to speak.
Faces grow sad, and every private ear
Is turn'd a Closet for the whisperer:
He walks the room; and like an unknown stranger,
They eye him: from each eye, he picks a danger.
At last his Lips not daring t'importune
What none dare tell him, unexpected *Fortune*
Leads his rash steps into a dark'ned room,
A place more black than night: No sooner come,
But he was welcom'd with a sigh, as deep,
As a spent heart can give: He heard one weep,
And by the noise of groans and sobs, was led
(Having no other guide) to the sad Bed:
Who is't (said he) *that calls untimely night*
To hide those griefs that thus abjure the light?
With that, as if her heart had rent in two,
She past a sigh, and said, *O ask not who.*

Urge not my tongue to make a forc'd Reply
To your demand: Alas! It is not I.
Not I (said he?) *What Language do I here?*
Darkneſs may ſtop mine eye, but not mine ear:
It is my dear Partheniaes *voice, Ah me!*
And can Parthenia, *not* Parthenia *be?*
What means this word, (Alas! It is not I!)
What ſudden ill hath taught thee to deny
Thy ſelf? or what can Argalus *then claim,*
If his Parthenia *be not the ſame.*
She was? Alas, it ſeems to me all one
To ſay, Thou art not hers, that's not her own:
Can hills forget their pond'rous bulk, and flie
Like wandring Atoms, in the empty skie?
Or can the Heavens (grown idle) not fulfill
Their certain revolutions, but ſtand ſtill,
And leave their conſtant motion for the wind
T'inherit? Can Parthenia *change her mind?*
Heav'n ſooner ſhall ſtand ſtill, and Earth remove,
Ere my Parthenia *falſifie her love:*
Unfold thy riddle then; and tell me, why
Thoſe Lips ſhould ſay, (Alas! It is not I!)
Whereto ſhe thus reply'd: *O do not thou*
So wrong thy noble thoughts, as once t'allow,
That curſed name a room within thy breſt,
Let not ſo foul a prodigy be bleſt
With thy loſt breath: Let it be held a ſin,
Too great for pardon, e'er t'name't again:
Let darkneſs hide it in eternal night:
May it be clad with horror to affright
A deſp'rate conſcience: He that knows not how
To mouth a curſe, O let him practiſe now
Upon this name: Let him that would contract
The body of all miſchief, or extract
The quint'eſſence of a ſorrow, onely claim
A ſecret priviledge to uſe that name:
Far be it from thy language, to commit
So foul a ſin, as once to mention it:
Live happy Arg'lus; do not thou partake
In theſe my miſeries: O forbear to make

My burden greater, by thy tender sorrow:
Alas, my heart is strong, and needs not borrow
Thy needless help: O be thou not so cruel,
To feed my flaming fires with thy fuel:
Why dost thou sigh? O wherefore should thy heart
Usurp my stage, and act Parthenia's *part?*
It is my proper task: What, dost thou mean,
Without my Licence, to intrude my Scene?
Alas! thy sorrows ease not my distress;
God knows, I weep not one poor tear the less:
My Patent's sign'd and past, whereby appears
That I have got the Monopoly of tears,
In me let each mans torment finde an end:
I am that Sea, to which all Rivers tend:
Let all spent mourners, that can weep no more,
Take tears on trust, and set them on my score.
And as she spake that word, his heart not able
To bear a language so unsufferable,
But being swoln so big, must either break,
Or vent, his conquer'd reason grew too weak:
T'oppose his quickned passion (like a man
Transported from himself) he thus began:
Accursed darkness! Thou sad type of death!
Infernal Hag, whose dwelling is beneath!
What means thy boldness to usurp this room,
And force a night, before the night be come:
Get, get thee down, and keep within thy lists:
Go revel there; and hurl thy hideous mists
Before those cursed eyes, that take delight
In utter darkness, and abhor the light;
Return thee to thy Dungeon, whence thou came,
And hide those faces, whose infernal flame
Call's for more darkness, and whose tortur'd souls
Crave the protection of th'obscurest holes,
To scape some lashes, and avoid those strict
And horrid plagues, the Furies do inflict:
But if thou needs must ramble here, above,
Go to some other Climate, and remove
Thy ugly presence from our darkned eyes,
That hate thy tyranny: Go exercise

Thy

Thy power in Groves, and solitary strings,
Where Bats are subjects, and where Owls are Kings:
Go to the Graves, and fill those empty rooms,
That such as slumber in their silent tombs
May bless thy welcome shades, and lie possest
Of undisturbed and eternal rest:
Or if thy more ambitious fogs desire
To haunt the living, haste thee, and retire
Into some Cloyster, and there stand between
The light, and those that fain would sin, unseen;
Assist them there; and let thy ugly shapes,
Count'nance close treasons, and incestuous rapes:
Benight those rooms; and aid all such as fear
The Eye of Heaven: Go, close thy Curtains there,
We need thee not, (foul VVitch) away, away;
Thou hid'st more beauty than the noon of day
Can give; O thou, that hast so rudely hurl'd
On this dark bed the glory of the world.

So said, abruptly he the room departs,
His cheeks look pale, his curled hair upstarts
Like quills of Porcupines, and from his eye
Quick flashes like the flames of Lightning flie:
He calls for light; the light no sooner come,
But his own hand conveys it to the room
From whence he came, and as he entred in
He blest himself; he blest himself again,
Thrice did he bless himself, and after said,
Foul VVitch be gone, and let thy dismal shade,
Forsake this place: Let thy dark Ags obey
Great Vulcans *charge; in* Vulcans *name, away:*
Or if thy stout rebellion shall disclaim
His soveraignty, in my Parthenia's *name*
I charm thee hence. And as that word flew out,
He stept to that sad bed, where round about,
Clos'd were the Curtains, as if darkness did
Command that such a Jewel should be hid:
His left hand held the taper, and his right
Enforc'd the Curtains, to absolve the light:
Which done, appear'd before his wond'ring eye
The truest portrait of deformity,

As

As ere the Sun beheld: that lovely face
That was of late the model of all grace
And peerlesse beauty, whose imperious eyes
Ravisht where ere they lookt, and did surprise
The very souls of men, she, she, of whom
Nature her self was proud, is now become
So loath'd an object, so deform'd, disguis'd,
As darknes, for mans sake, was well advis'd
To cloath in mists, lest any were incited
To see that face, and so depart affrighted.
All this when *Argalus* beheld, and found
It was no dream, he fell upon the ground.
And rav'd, and rose again, stood still, and gaz'd;
At first he startled, then he stood amaz'd:
Looks now upon the light, and now on her,
One while his tired fancy does refer
His thoughts to silence; as his thoughts increase,
His passion strives for vent, and breaks that peace
Which conquer'd Reason had of late concluded,
And thus began: *Are these false eyes deluded?*
Or have inchanted mists stept in between
My abused eyes, and what my eyes have seen?
No, mischief cannot act so fair a part,
To affright in jest; it goes beyond the art
Of all black Books, to mask with such disguise
So sweet a face: I know that these are eyes,
And this a light: False mists could never be
Betwixt my poor Parthenia, *and me.*
Accursed Taper! what infernal spright
Breath'd in thy face? what fury gave thee light?
Thou imp of Phlegeton; *who let thee in*
To force a day, before the day begin?
Who brought thee hither? I? did I? From whom,
What lean-chapt Fury did I snatch thee from?
When as this cursed hand did go about
To bring thee in, why went not these eyes out?
Be all such Tapers cursed for thy sake;
Ne'r shine, but at some Vigil, or sad Wake;
Be never seen, but when as sorrow calls
Thy needful help to nightly funerals;

Be as a May-game for th'amazed Bat
To sport about; and Owls to wonder at:
Still haunt the Chancels at a midnight-knell,
To fright the Sexton from his Passing Bell:
Give light to none but treasons, and be hid
In their dark lanthorns: Let all mirth forbid
To treacherous flames the room: and if that none
Shall daign to put thee out, go out alone:
Attend some Miser's table, and then waste
Too soon, that he may curse thee for thy haste;
Burn dim for ever: Let that flatt'ring light
Thou feed'st, consume thy stock: be banisht quite
From Cupid's *Court: When lovers go about*
Their stollen pleasures, let your flames go out:
Henceforth be useful to no other end,
But onely to burn day-light, or attend
The midnight Cups of such as shall resign
With usury their undigested Wine:
Why dost thou burn so clear? Alas! these eyes
Discern too much: thy wanton blaze doth rise
Too high a pitch: thou burn'st too bright for such
As see no comfort: O thou shin'st too much:
Why dost thou vex me? Is thy flame so stout
T'endure my breath? this breath shall puff thee out:
Thus, thus my joys are quite extinguisht, never
To be reviv'd: Thus gone, thus gone for ever.

With that, transported with a furious haste,
He blew it out: but mark, that very blast
(As if it meant on purpose, to disclaim
His desp'rate thoughts) reviv'd th'extinguisht flame.
He stands amaz'd; and, having mus'd a while,
Beholds the Taper, and begins to smile.

And can the gods themselves (said he) *contrive*
A way for hope? Can my past joys revive,
Like this rekindled fire; if they do,
I'le curse my lips (bright Lamp) *for cursing you,*
Eternal Fates! deal fairly; dally not:
If your hid bounties have reserv'd a lot
Beyond my wained hope, be it exprest
In open view; make haste, and do your best:

But if your Justice be determin'd so
To exercise your vengeance on my woe,
Strengthen not what at length you mean to burst;
Strike home betimes; dispatch, and do your worst:
That burthen is too great for him to bear,
That's evenly poised betwixt hope and fear.

And there he stopt; as fearing to molest
The silent peace of her dissembled rest.
He gaz'd upon her; stood as in a trance:
Sometimes her liveless hand he would advance
To his sad Lips; then steal it down again:
Sometimes, a tear would fall upon't, and then
A sigh must dry it; every kiss did bear
A sigh, and every sigh begat a tear:
He kist, he sigh'd, he wept, and, for a space,
He fixt his eye upon her wounded face,
And in a whispering language, he disburs'd
His various thoughts; thus, with himself discours'd.

And were the Sun-beams of those eies too fierce
For mortal view? Or did those fires disperse
Flames too consuming for th'amaz'd beholder?
Or did thy youth make treason e'er the bolder
To stain that brow; and by a midnight theft,
To steal more beauty than the day had left?
Or did that blinde, that childish god descry
A kinde of twilight from that heavenly eie,
Which, over-bright, he sought to make more dim
By blurring that, which else had blasted him?
Or did the Sea-born goddess Queen repine
To see her Star out-shone so much by thine?
And fill'd with rage, and envious despight,
Sent down a cloud t'eclipse so fair a light?
Or did the wiser Deities foresee
This likely danger; that when men should see
So bright a Lamp; fearing they should commit
Such sweet idolatry, benighted it?
Or did the too too careful gods conspire
A good for man, transcending mans desire,
And knowing such an eie too bright for any,
Gave it a wound, lest it should wound too many?

If so they meant, they might have been more kinde
To save that beautie, and have struck us blinde.
Before the sound of his last breath was gone
(Her speech being marshal'd with a powerful groan
Through the rude confluence, and amazed throng
Of her distracted thoughts) her feeble tongue
Wept forth these words: *Thus fleet, thus transitory*
Is mans delight, and all that painted glory,
Poor Earth can give: Nor wealth, nor blood, nor beautie,
Can quit the debt, that necessary dutie
They owe to Change *and* Time; *but like a flowr,*
They flourish now, and fade within an hour:
The world's compos'd of change, there's nothing staies
At the same point; all alters, all decaies:
The world is like a Play, where every age
Concludes her Scene, and so departs the stage;
And when Times *hasty hour-glass is run,*
Change *strikes the* Epilogue, *and the Play is done.*
Who acts the King to day, by chance of lot,
To chance to morrow begs, and blushes not:
Whose beautie was ador'd o'er night, next morning
May finde a face, like mine, not worth the scorning:
Look where we list, there's nothing to the eie
Seems truly constant, but Inconstancy.
Most dear Parthenia, (Argalus *repli'd*)
Had thy deceived eie but stept aside,
And lookt upon thy Argalus *his brest;*
I know, I know, thy language had profest
Another faith: Thy Lips had ne'r let flie,
At unawares, so great an Heresie:
Tis not the change of favor, that can change
My heart; nor Time, *nor* Fortune *can estrange*
My best affections, so for ever fixt
On thee, nothing but death can come betwixt
My soul and thine: If I had lov'd thy face,
Thy face alone; my fancie had given place,
Ere this, to fresh desires, and attended
Upon new fortunes; and the old had ended.
If I had lov'd thee for thy heavenlie eie,
I might have courted the bright Majestie

Of Titan: *if thy curious Lips had snar'd*
My lick'rish thoughts, I might have soon prepar'd
A blushing Corral, *or some full ripe* Cherry,
And pleas'd my Lips, until my Lips were weary;
Or if the smoothness of thy whiter brow
Had charm'd mine eies, and made my fancie bow
To outward objects, polisht Marble might
Have given as much content, as much delight;
In brief, had Argalus *his flatter'd eie*
Been pleas'd with beauties bare Epitomy,
Thy curious picture might have then suppli'd
My wants, more full, than all the world beside:
No, no; 'Twas neither brow, nor lip, nor eie,
Nor any outward ex'lence urg'd me, why
To love Parthenia: *'twas thy better part,*
(Which mischief could not wrong,) surpris'd my heart.
Thy beautie was but like a Crystal case,
Through which, the Jewel of admired grace
Transparent was, whose hidden worth did make
Me love the Casket for the Jewels sake:
No, no, my well-advised eie pierc'd in
Beyond the film; sunk deeper than the skin:
Else had I now been chang'd, and that firm dutie
I ow my vows, had faded with thy beautie:
Nay, weep not my Parthenia; *let those tears*
Ne'r wail that loss, which a few after-years
Had e'aim'd as due; chear up, thou hast forsaken
But that, which sickness would (perchance) have taken
With greater disadvantage; or else age,
That common evil, which Art cannot assuage;
Beauties but bare opinion: White *and* Red
Have no more priviledge, than what is bred
By humane fancy, which was ne'r confin'd
To certain bounds, but varies like the wind:
What one man likes, another disrespects;
And what a third most hates, a fourth affects:
The Negroes *eie thinks black beyond compare,*
And what would fright us most, they count most fair:
If then opinion be the touch, whereby
All beauties tried; Parthenia, *in my eie*

Out-ſhines fair Helen, *or who elſe ſhe be,*
That is more rich in beauties wealth than ſhe.
Chear up: the ſovereigntie of thy worth infranches
Thy captive beautie; and thy virtue blanches
Theſe ſtains of fortune: Come, it matters not
What others think: A Letter's but a blot
To ſuch as cannot read; but, who have skill,
Can know the fair impreſſion of a Quill,
From groſs and needleſs blurs; and ſuch can think
No Paper foul, that's fairly writ with Ink:
What others hold a blemiſh in thy face,
My skilful eies read characters of grace:
What hinders then, but that without delay,
Triumph may celebrate our nuptial day?
She that hath onely virtue to her guide,
Though wanting beautie, is the faireſt Bride.
A Bride? (ſaid ſhe) *ſuch Brides as I, can have*
No fitter Bridal Chamber than a Grave:
Death *is my* Bridegroom; *and to welcome* Death,
My loyal heart ſhall plight a ſecond faith:
And when that day ſhall come, that joyful day
Wherein tranſcendent pleaſures ſhall allay
The heat of all my ſorrows, and conjoyn
My pale-fac'd Bridegrooms *lingring hand with mine,*
Theſe Ceremonies, *and theſe* Triumphs *ſhall*
Attend the day to grace that day *withall.*
Time *with his empty Hour-glaſs ſhall lead*
The triumph on, his winged Hoof ſhall tread
Slow paces; After him there ſhall enſue
The chaſte Diana *with her Virgin crew,*
All crown'd with Cypreſs *Garlands: after whom*
In rank, th'impartial Deſtinies *ſhall come:*
Then in a ſable Chariot *faintly drawn*
With harneſt Virgins vail'd with pureſt Lawn,
The Bride *ſhall ſit;* Deſpair *and* Grief *ſhall ſtand*
Like heartleſs Bride-maids *upon either hand:*
Upon the Chariot *top, there ſhall be plac'd*
The little winged god with arm unbrac'd,
And Bow unbent: his drooping wings muſt hide
His naked knees, his Quiver by his ſide

Must be unarm'd, *and either hand must hold*
A Banner, where with Characters of Gold
Shall be decipher'd (fit for every eye
To read that runs) Faith, Love, *and* Constancy.
Next after, Hope, *in a discoloured Weed,*
Shall sadly march alone: A slender Reed
Shall guide her feeble steps, and in her hand
A broken Anchor all besmear'd with sand.
And after all, the Bridegroom shall appear
Like Joves *Lieutenant, and bring up the rear,*
He shall be mounted on a Coal black Steed,
His hand shall hold a Dart, on which shall bleed
A pierced heart, wherein a former wound
Which Cupid's *Javelin utter'd, shall be found.*
When as these Triumphs shall adorn our feast,
Let Argalus *be my invited guest,*
And let him bid me Nuptial joy: from whom
I once expected all my joys should come.

With that, as if his countenance had thought good
To wear deaths colours; or as if his blood
Had been employed to condole the smart
And torment of his poor afflicted heart,
He thus bespake: *Unhappiest of all men,*
Why do I live? is Death my Rival then?
Unequal chance? Had it been flesh and blood,
I could have grapled, and (perchance) withstood
Some stout encounters: had an armed host
Of Mortal Rivals ventur'd to have crost
My best desires; my Partheniaes *eye*
Had given me power to make that army flie,
Like frighted Lambs before the Wolf; but thou,
Before whose presence all must stoop and bow
Their servile necks, what Weapon shall I hold
Against thy hand that will not be control'd?
Great enemy, whose Kingdom's in the dust,
And dark some Caves: I know that thou art just;
Else had the gods ne'er trusted to thy hand
So great a priviledge, so large command
And jurisdiction o'er the lives of men,
To kill, and save even whom they please, and when:

O,

O, *suffer not* Partheniaes *tempting tears*
To move thy heart; let thy hard-hearted ears
Be deaf to all her sutes: If she profess
Affection to thee, believe nothing less:
She's my betrothed Spouse, and Hymens *bands*
Have firmly joyn'd our hearts, though not our hands:
Where plighted faith, and Sacro-sanctious *vow*
Hath given possession, dispossess not thou:
Be just, and though her briny lips bewail
Her grief with tears, let not those tears prevail.
Whom Heavens have joyn'd, thy hands may not disjoyn,
I am Partheniaes, *and* Parthenia's *mine;*
Alas! we are but one; Then thou must either
Refuse us both: or else, take both together.
My dear Parthenia, *let no cloudy passion*
Of dull despair molest thee; or unfashion
Thy better thoughts, to make thy troubled mind
Either forgetful, or thy self unkind:
Starve not my pining hopes with longer stay:
My love hath wings, and brooks no long delay;
It hovers up and down, and cannot rest,
Until it light, and perch upon thy breast.
Torment not him, within these lingring fires,
That's rackt already on his own desires:
Seal and deliver as thy deed, that hand,
Whereto thy promis'd faith hath set her hand:
And what our plighted hearts, and mutual vow
Have so long since begun. O finish now;
That our imperfect, and half-pleasures may
Receive perfection by a marriage day.

Whereto, she thus: *Had the pleas'd gods above*
Forgiv'n my faults, and made me fit for Jove
To bless at large; Had all the powers of Heaven
(To boast the utmost of their bounty) given
As great addition to my slender fortune
As they could give, or covetous mind importune,
I vow to Heaven, and all those heavenly Powers,
They should no sooner been made mine, but yours;
Nay had my fortunes staid, but at the rate
They were; had I remained in that state

I was; (although at best unworthy far
Of such a peerless blessing as you are)
My dear acceptance should have fill'd my heart
As full of joys, as now it is of smart:
But, as I am, let angry Jove then vent
On me his plagues, till all his plagues be spent:
And when I roar, let Heaven my pains deride,
When I match Argalus, to such a Bride:
Live happy Argalus, let thy soul receive
What blessings poor Parthenia cannot leave:
Live happy: May thy joys be never done,
But let one blessing draw another on:
O may thy better Angel watch and ward
Thy soul; and pitch an everlasting guard
About the portals of thy tender heart,
And house down blessings whereso'er thou art:
Let all thy joys be as the Moneth of May,
And all thy days be as a marriage day:
Let sorrow, sickness, and a troubled minde
Be strangers to thee; let them never finde
Thy heart at home: Let Fortune still allot
Such lawless guests to those that love thee not:
And let those blessings, which shall wanting be
To such as merit none, alight on thee.
That mutual faith, betwixt us that of late
Hath past, I give thee freedom to translate
Upon the merits of some fitter spouse;
I give thee leave, and freely quit thy vows:
I call the gods to witness, nothing shall
More bless my soul, no comfort can befall
More truly welcome to me, than to see
My Argalus (what e'er become of me)
So linckt in wedlock, as shall most augment
His greater honor, and his true content.

With that, a sudden and tempestuous tide
Of tears o'erwhelm'd her language, and deny'd
A passage; but when Passion's flood was spent,
She thus proceeds: You gods, if you are bent
To act my Tragedy, why do you wrong
Our patience so, to make the Play so long?

Lest

Your Scenes are tedious; 'Gainst the rules of art,
You dwell too long, too long upon one part.
Be brief, and take advantage of your odds,
One simple Maid amongst so many gods,
And not be conquer'd yet? Conjoyn your might,
And send her soul into eternal night,
That lives too long a day: I'll not resist;
Provided you strike home, strike where ye list.
Accurs'd be that day, wherein these eyes
First saw the light; let desp'rate souls devise
A curse sufficient for it: Let the Sun
Ne'r shine upon it; and what e'ers begun
Upon that fatal day, let Heaven forbid it
Success, if not t'ensnare the hand that did it.
Why was I born? Or, being born, O why
Did not my fonder Nurses Lullaby
(Even whilst my Lips were hanging on her brest)
Sing her poor Babe to everlasting rest?
O then my Infant-soul had never known
This world of grief, beneath whose weight I groan:
No, no, it had not: He that dies in's prime,
Speeds a long business in a little time.

But *Argalus* (whose more extream desire,
Unapt to yield, like water-sprinkled fire,
Did blaze the more) impatient of denial,
Gave thus an on-set to a further tryal.

Life of my soul, by whom, next Heaven, I breath:
Excepting whom, I have no friend but Death:
How can thy wishes ease my grief, or stand
My misery in stead, when as thy hand,
And nothing but thy helping hand can give me
Relief, and yet refuses to relieve me?
Strange kinde of charity, when being afflicted,
I finde best wishes, yet am interdicted
Of those best wishes, and must be remov'd
From Love's enjoyment; why? Because belov'd.
Alas! alas! how can my wishes be
A blessing to me, if unblest in thee?
Thy beauty's gone, (thou sayest) why, let it go;
He loves but ill, that loves but for a show;

Thy beauty is supplí'd in my affection,
That never yet was slave to a complexion.
Shall every day, wherein the Earth does lack
The Sun's reflex, b'expell'd the Almanack?
Or shall thy over-curious steps forbear
A Gar-den' cause there be no Roses there?
Or shall the Sun-set of Partheniaes *beauty*
Enforce my judgment to neglect that duty
The which my best advis'd affection owes
Her sacred virtue, and my solemn vows;
No, no; it lies not in the power of Fate
To make Parthenia *too unfortunate*
For Argalus *to love.*

It is as easie for Partheniaes *heart*
To prove less virtuous, as for me to start
From my firm faith: the flame that honors breath
Hath blown, nothing hath power to quench, but death;
Thou gav'st me leave to chuse a fitter Spouse,
And freedom to recal, to quit those vows
I took: who gave thee licence to dispence
With such false tongues, as offer violence
To plighted Faith? Alas! thou canst not free
Thy self, much less hadst power to licence me.
Vows *can admit no change; they still persever*
Against all chance; they bind, they bind for ever:
A vow's a holy thing, no common breath:
The limits of a vow is Heaven *and* Death:
A vow that's past, is like a bird that's flown
From out thy hand, can be recall'd by none:
It dies not, like a time-beguiling Jest,
As soon as vented; lives not in thy breast,
When uttered once, but is a sacred word
Straight entred in the strict and close Record
Of Heaven; it is not like a Juglers knot,
Or fast, or loose, as pleases us, or not.
Since then thy vows can finde no dispen'sation,
And may not be recall'd, recal thy passion;
Perform, perform what now it is too late,
Unwish again, too soon to violate:

Sad

Seek not to quit, what Heaven denies to free:
Perform thy vows to Heaven, thy vows to me.
Thrice dearer than my soul, (she thus reply'd)
Had my own pampered fancie been the guide
To my affection, I had condescended
Ere this, to your request, which had befriended
My best desires too: I lov'd not thee
For my own pleasure in that base degree,
As gluttons do their diet, who dispence
With unwash't hands, (lest they should give offence
To their grip'd stomacks, when a minutes stay
Will make them curse Occasion all the day)
I lov'd not so; my first desires did spring
From thy own worth; and as a Sacred thing
I always view'd thee, whom my zeal commands
Me not prophane with these defiled hands:
'Tis true; performance is a debt we ow
To Vows, *and nothing's dearer than a vow;*
Yet when the gods do ravish from our hand,
The means to keep it, 'tis a countermand.
He that hath vow'd to sacrifice each day,
At Juno's *altars bound, and must obey:*
But if (being under vow) the gods do please
To strike him with a leprous disease,
Or foul infection; which is better now,
Prophane the Altar, *or to break the vow?*
The case is mine; where then the gods dispence,
We may be bold, yet tender no offence.
Admit it were an evil; 'tis our best,
Of necessary ills to chuse the least.
The gods are good: the strict recognisance
Of vows, is onely taken to advance
The good of man; now if that good prove ill,
We may refuse, our vows intire still,
I vow a marriage; why? because I do
Entirely affect that man my Vows *are to;*
But if some foul disease should interpose
Betwixt our promis'd marriage, and our vows:
The strict performance of those vows must prove,
I grant; and therefore love not, whom I love.

Then

Then urge no more: Let my denial be
A pledge sufficient 'twixt my love and thee.

So ended she: But vehement desire
(That can be quencht with *No*, no more than fire
With oyl; and can submit to no condition)
Lends him new breath: Love makes a Rhetorician;
He speaks; she answers: He, afresh, replies;
He stoutly sues; as stoutly she denies.
He begs in vain; and she denies in vain:
For she denies again; He begs again.
At last, both weary, he his suit adjourns;
For lovers days are good, and bad by turns.
He bids farewel; as if the heart of either
Gave but one motion, they both sigh'd together.
She bids farewel; and yet she bids it so,
As if her farewels ended, if he go;
He bids farewel; but so, as if delay
Had promis'd better farewels to his stay.
She bids farewel, but holds his hand so fast,
As if that farewel had not been the last.
Both sigh'd, both wept, and both being heavy-hearted,
She bids farewel, he bids farewel, and parted.
So parted they: Now *Argalus* is gone;
And now *Parthenias* weeping all alone,
And like the widow'd Turtle she bewails
The absence of her Mate: Passion prevails
Above her strength: Now her poor heart can tell
What's Heaven by wanting Heaven: and what's Hell
By her own torments: Sorrow now does play
The tyrant's part, Affection must obey;
And like a weather-cock her various mind
Is chang'd and turn'd with every blast of wind.
In desp'rate language she deplores her state;
She fain would wish, but then she knows not what:
Resolves of this, of that, and then of neither,
She fain would flee: but then she knows not whither:
At length (consulting with the heart-less pair
Of ill advisers, Sorrow, and Despair)
Resolves, to take th'advantage of that night,
To steal away, and seek for death by flight;

A Pilgrims weed her liveleſs limbs addreſt
From head to foot: A thong of Leather bleſt
Her waſted Loyns; her feeble feet were ſhod
With Sandals: In her hand a Pilgrims rod.
When as th'illuſtrious Sovereign of the Day
Had now begun his circuit, to ſurvay
His lower Kingdom, having newly lent
The upper world to *Cynthia's* government,
Forth went *Parthenia*, and begins t'attend
The progreſs now, which onely death can end.
Go hapleſs Virgin! Fortune be thy guide,
And thine own virtues; and what elſe beſide,
That may be proſp'rous; may thy merits finde
More happineſs, than thy diſtreſſed minde
Can hope: Live, and to after-ages prove
The great example of true Faith, and Love:
Gone, gone ſhe is; but whithet ſhe is gone,
The gods, and fortune can reſolve alone:
Pardon my Quill, that is inforc't to ſtray
From a poor Lady, in an unknown way.
To number forth her weary ſteps, or tell
Thoſe obvious dangers, that ſo oft befell
Our poor *Parthenia* in her pilgrimage,
Or bring her miſeries on the open ſtage;
Her broken ſlumbers, her diſtracted care,
Her hourly fears and frights, her hungry fare;
Her daily perils, and her nightly ſcapes
From ravenous Beaſts, and from attempted rapes,
Is not my task; who care not to incite,
My Reader's paſſion to an appetite:
We leave *Parthenia* now; and our diſcourſe
Muſt caſt an eye, and bend her ſetled courſe
To *Argalus*. When *Argalus* (returning
To viſit his *Parthenia*, the next morning)
Perceived ſhe was fled, not knowing whither;
He makes no ſtay: Conſults not with the weather,
Stays not to think, but claps his haſty knees
To his fleet Courſer, and away he flees:
His haſte enquires no way, (he needs not fear
To loſe the road, that goes he knows not where:)

One

One while he pricks upon the fruitful plains;
And now, he gently slacks his prouder reins,
And climbs the barren hills: with fresh careers
He tries the right-hand way; and then he veres
His course upon the left: One while he likes
This path, when by and by, his fancy strikes
Upon another track. Sometimes he roves
Among the Springs and solitary Groves,
Where, on the tender barks of sundry trees,
H'engraves *Partheniaes* name with his: then flees
To the wilde Champian: his proud Steed removes
The hopeful fallows with his horned hoves:
He balks no way, rides over Rock and Mountain,
When led by Fortune to *Diana*'s Fountain,
He straight dismounts his Steed, begins to quench
His thirsty Lips; and after that, to drench
His fainting Limbs, in that sweet stream, wherein
Partheniaes dainty fingers oft had been.
The Fountain was upon a deep descent,
Whose gliding current nature gave a vent
Through a firm Rock, which art (to make it known
To after-ages) wall'd and rooft with stone:
Above the Crystal Fountains head, was plac'd
Dianaes Image (though of late defac'd:)
Beneath, a rocky Ciftern did retain
The water, sliding through the Cocks of *Cane*,
Whose curious Current the Worlds greater eye
Ne'r view'd, but in his mid-day Majesty:
It was that Fountain, where in elder times
Poor *Coridon* compos'd his rural rhimes,
And left them closely hid for his unkinde,
And marble-hearted *Phillida* to finde.
All rites perform'd, he re-amounts his Steed,
Redeems his loss of time with a new speed:
And with a fresh supply, his strength renews
His progress, God knows whither: He pursues
His vow'd adventure, brooking no delay,
And (with a minde as doubtful as the way)
He journeys on; he left no course, unthought;
No traveller, unask't; no place, unsought.

To

To make a Journal of each circumstance;
His change of fortunes, or each obvious chance
Befel his tedious travel: To relate
The brave attempt of this exploit, or that;
His rare atchievements, and their fair success,
His noble courage, in extream distress;
His desp'rate dangers, his deliverance:
His high esteem with men, which did inhance
His meanest actions to the throne of *Jove*,
And what he suffered for *Partheniaes* love,
Would make our volume endless, apt to try
The utmost patience of a studious eye:
All which, the bounty of a free conceit:
May sooner reach to, than my Pen relate.
But till bright *Cynthiaes* head had three times thrice
Repair'd her empty horns, and fill'd the eyes
Of gazing mortals with her Globe of Light,
This restless Lover ceas'd not, day and night
To wander, in a solitary quest
For her, whose love had taught him to digest
The dregs of sorrow, and to count all joys
But follies, (weigh'd with her) at least, but toys.
It hapned now, that twice six moneths had run,
Since wandring *Argalus* had first begun
His toilsom progress; who, in vain, had spent
A year of hours, and yet no event,
When Fortune brought him to a goodly seat,
(Wall'd round about with Hills) yet not so great
As pleasant; and less curious to the sight,
Than strong, yet yielding even as much delight
As strength, whose onely out-side did declare
The Master's judgment, and the builder's care.
Around the Castle Nature had laid out
The bounty of her treasure; round about
Well fenced Medows (fill'd with Summers pride)
Promis'd provision for the Winter tide:
Near which the neighb'ring Hills (well stockt & stor'd
With milk-white flocks) did severally afford
Their fruitful blessings, and deserv'd increase
To painful Husbandry, the Childe of Peace:

It was *Kalander*'s ſeat, who was the Brother
Of loſt *Partheniaes* late deceaſed Mother.
He was a Gentleman, whom vain ambition
Ne'er taught to undervalue the condition
Of private Gentry; who prefer'd the love
Of his reſpected Neigbors, far above
The apiſh congies of th'unconſtant Court;
Ambitious of a good, not great report;
Beloved of his Prince, yet not depending
Upon his favors ſo, as to be tending
Upon his perſon: and, in brief, too ſtrong
Within himſelf, for Fortunes hand to wrong:
Thither came wandring *Argalus*, and receiv'd
As great content, as one that was bereav'd
Of all his joys, could take; or who would ſtrive
T'expreſs a welcowe to the life, could give.
His richly furniſh'd Table more expreſt
A common bounty, than a curious feaſt;
Whereat the choice of precious Wines were proffe'd
In liberal ſort; not urg'd, but freely offer'd:
The careful ſervants did attend the room:
No need to bid them either go or come:
Each knew his place, his office, and could ſpy
His Maſter's pleaſure in his Maſter's eye.
But what can reliſh pleaſing to a taſte
That is diſtemper'd? Can a ſweet repaſt
Pleaſe a ſick palate? No, there's no content
Can enter *Argalus*, whoſe ſoul is bent
To tire on his thoughts: *Kalander*'s love
(That other times would raviſh) cannot move
That fixed heart, which paſſion now incites
T'abjure all pleaſures, and forſwear delights.
It fortun'd, on a day, that dinner ending,
Kalander, and his noble gueſts, intending
T'exchange their pleaſures in the open air,
A Meſſenger came in, and did repair
Unto *Kalander*, told him, that the end
Of his employment, was to recommend
A noble Lady to him (near alli'd
To fair Queen *Helen*) whoſe unskilful guide

Had

Had so misled, that she does make request,
This night, to be his bold, and unknown guest:
And by his help to be inform'd the way,
To finde to morrow, what she lost to day.
Kalander the extent of whose ambition
Was to expres's the bounteous disposition
Of a free heart, as glad of such occasion
To entertain) return'd the salutation
Of an unknown servant; and with all profest
A promis'd welcome to so fair a guest.
Forthwith *Kalander* and his noble friends,
All but poor *Argalus*, who recommends
His thoughts to private uses, and confines
His secret fancy to his own designs)
Mounted their praunsing Steeds, to give a meeting
To his fair guest: they met, but at first greeting
Kalander stood amaz'd, (for he suppos'd
It was *Parthenia*) and thus his thoughts disclos'd:
Madam (said he) *if these mine aged eyes*
Retain that wonted strength, which age denies
To many of my years, I should be bold
(In viewing you) to say, I do behold
My Neece Partheniaes *face: Nor can I be*
Perswaded (by your leave) but you are she.
*Thrice noble Sir (*she thus reply'd) *your tongue*
(Perchance) hath done the fair Parthenia *wrong*
In your mistake, and too much honor'd me,
That (in my judgment) was more fit to be
Her foil, than picture; yet hath many an eye
Given the like sentence, she not being by;
Nay, more: I have been told that my own Mother
Hath often to distinguish'd t'one from t'other.
Said then *Kalander*: *If my rash conceit*
Hath made a fault, mine error shall await
Upon your gracious pardon: I alone
Was not deceiv'd; for never any one
That view'd Partheniaes *visage, but would make*
As great an error by as great mistake.
But (Madam) for her sake, and for your own,
Whose worth may challenge to it self alone,

More ser vice than Kalander *can expres)*
Y are truly welcome. Enter, and posses
This Castle as your own; which can be blest
In nothing more, than in so fair a guest.
Whereto the Lady (entring) thus reply'd:
Let everlasting joys be multiply'd
Within these gentle Gates, and let them stand
As lasting Monuments in th' Arcadian *Land*
Of rare and bounteous hospitality
To after-times. Let strangers passing by
Bless their succeeding Heirs as shall descend
From such a Lord, from such a noble Friend.
When as a little respite had repair'd
Her weary Limbs, which travel had impair'd,
The freeness of occasion did present
New subjects to discourse; wherein they spent
No little time: among the rest, befell
Kalander (often stopt with tears) to tell
Of *Argalus* and lost *Partheniaes* love,
Whose undissembled passion did move
A general grief; the more that they attended
To his sad tale, the more they wisht it ended.
Madam (said he) *although your visage be*
Like hers, yet may y our fortunes disagree;
Poor Girle: And as he spake that word, his eyes
Let fall a tear. The Lady thus replies.
My soul doth suffer for Partheniaes *sake:*
But tell me Sir, Did Argalus *forsake*
His poor Parthenia *whom he lov'd so dear?*
How hath he spent his days e'er since? and where?
Madam (said he) *when as their marriage-day*
Drew near; mischief, that now was bent to play
Upon the Stage her studied master-prize,
With ugly leprosie did so disguise
Her beauteous face, that she became a terror
To her own self: But Argalus *the mirror*
Of truest constancy, (whose loyal heart,
Not guided by his eyes, disdain'd to start
From his past vows) did in despight of fortune,
Pursue his fixt desires, and importune.

To in

Th'intended marriage ne'ertheleſs; but ſhe
Whom reaſon now had taught to diſagree
With her diſtracted thoughts, ſtands deaf and mute,
And at the laſt, t'avoid his further ſute,
Not making any private to her flight,
She quits the houſe, and ſteals away by night:
But Madam, when as Argalus *perceiv'd*
That ſhe was fled; and being quite bereav'd
Of his juſt hope, poor Lover, he aſſays
By toilſome pilgrimage to end his days,
Or finde her out: Now 'twice ſix moneths have run
Their tedious courſes, ſince he firſt begun
His fruitleſs journey, ranging far and near,
Suffering as many ſorrows, as a year
Could ſend; and made by the extreams of weather,
Unapt for travel, Fortune brought him hither,
Where he as yet remains, till time ſhall make,
His waſted body fit to undertake
His diſcontinued progreſs, and renew
His great inqueſt for her, who at firſt view,
Madam, you ſeem'd to be.

So ſaid, the Lady, from whoſe tender eyes
Some drops did ſlide, whoſe heart did ſympathize
With both their ſorrows; ſaid, *And is there then*
Such un expected conſtancy in men?
Moſt Noble Sir;
If the too raſh deſires of a ſtranger
May be diſpenc'd withal without the danger
Of too great boldneſs, I ſhould make requeſt
To ſee this noble Lord, in whoſe rare breſt
(By your report) more honor doth reſide,
Than in all Greece; *nay, all the world beſide:*
I have a meſſage to him: and em loath
To do it, were I not engag'd by oath.
Whereat *Kalander* not in breath, but action,
Applies himſelf to give a ſatisfaction
To her propounded wiſh: protraction waſtes
No time, but up to *Argalus* he haſtes:
Argalus comes down, and after ſalutation
Given and receiv'd, ſhe accoſts him on this faſhion:

My Noble Lord,

Whereas the loud resounding trump of Fame
Hath noiz'd your worth, and glorifi'd your name
Above all others, let your goodnes now
Make good that fair report; that I may know
By true experience, what my joyful ear
Had but, as yet, the happines to hear:
And if the frailty of a womans wit
May chance t'offend; be noble, and remit.
Then know (most noble Lord) my native place,
Is Corinth; *of the self-same blood and race*
With fair Queen Helen, *in whose Princely Court*
I had my birth, my breeding; to be short,
Thither, but many days ago, there came
Disguis'd and chang'd in all things but her name
The rare Parthenia, *so in shape transform'd*
In feature altered, and in face deform'd
That (in my judgment) all this Region could
Not shew a thing more ugly to behold.
Long was it ere her oft-repeated vows
And solemn protestations could rouze
My over-dull belief: till, at the last,
Some passages, that heretofore had past
In secret 'twixt Parthenia *and me,*
Gave full assurance 'twould be none but she;
Abundant welcome (as a soul so sad
As mine, and hers, could give or take) she had:
So like we were in face, in speech, in growth,
That whosoever saw the one, saw both;
Yet were we not alike in our complexions
So much, as in our loves, in our affections:
One sorrow serv'd us both, and one relief
Could ease us both, but partners in one grief:
Much private time we joyntly spent, and neither
Could finde a true content, if not together.
The strange occurrents of her dire misfortune
She oft discourst, which strongly did importune
A world of tears from these suffused eyes,
The true partakers of her miseries.

And

And as she spake, the accent of her story
Would always point upon th'eternal glory
Of your rare constancy, which whosoe'r
In after-ages shall presume to hear,
And not admire, let him be proclaim'd
A rebel to all virtue, and (defam'd
In his best actions) let his leprous name
Or die dishonor'd, or survive with shame.
But ah! what Simples can the hand of art
Ende out to stanch a lovers bleeding heart?
Or what (alas) can humane skill apply
To turn the course of loves Phlebotomy? — Ἐκβαὶ νόμος τεμνει ἰητρὸν ἰητρός.
Love is a secret fire, inspir'd, and blown
By fate, which wanting hopes to feed upon,
Works on the very soul, and does torment
The universe of man: which being spent
And wasted in the conflict, often shrinks
Beneath the burthen: and so conquer'd, sinks:
All which your poor Parthenia *knew too well,*
Whose bed-rid hopes, not having power to quell
Th'imperious fury of extream despair,
She languisht, and not able to contrair
The will of her victorious passion; cried,
My dearest Argalus, *farewel, and died:*
My Lord, not long before her latest breath
Had freely paid the full arrears to death,
She call'd me to her: In her dying hand
She strained mine, whil'st in her eyes did stand
A showre of tears, unwept, and in mine ear
She whisp'red so, as all the room might hear.
Sister (said she) (*that title past between us*
Not undeserv'd; for, all that e'er had seen us,
Mistook us so at least) the latest sand
Of my spent hour-glass is now at hand:
Those joys, which Heaven appointed out for me,
Here bequeath to be possest by thee;
And when sweet death shall clarifie my thoughts,
And drain them from the dregs of all my faults,
Enjoy them thou, wherewith (being so refin'd
From all their dross) full fraught thy constant minde:

And let thy prosp'rous voyage be addrest
To the fair Port of Argalus *his breſt,*
As whom the eye of man did ne'er diſcover
So loyal, ſo renown'd, ſo rare a lover;
Caſt anchor there; for by this dying breath,
Nothing can pleaſe my ſoul more after death,
And make my joys more perfect, than to ſee
A marriage 'twixt my Argalus *and thee;*
This Ring, the pledge betwixt his heart and mine,
As freely as he gave me, I make thine:
With it unto thy faithful heart I tender
My ſacred vows: with it I here ſurrender
All right and title that I had or have
In ſuch a bleſſing, as I now muſt leave;
Go to him, and conjure him in my name,
What love he bare to me, the very ſame
That he tranſfer on thee: take no denial,
Which granted, live thou happy, conſtant, loyal.
And as ſhe ſpake that word, her voice did alter;
Her breath grew cold, her ſpeech began to faulter:
Fain would ſhe utter more, but her ſpent tongue
(Not able t' go further) fail'd, and clung
To her dry roof. A while, as in a trance,
She lay, and, on a ſudden, did advance
Her forced language to the height, and cried,
Fare wel my deareſt Argalus, *and died.*

And now, my Lord, although this office be
Unſuitable to my ſex, and diſagree
Too much, perchance with the too mean condition
Of my poor ſtate, more like to finde deriſion
Than ſatisfaction; yet, my gracious Lord,
Extr'ordinary merits do afford
Extr'ordinary means, and can excuſe
The breach of cuſtom, or the common uſe:
Wherefore incited by the dear directions
Of dead Parthenia, *by mine own affections,*
And by the excellence of your high deſert,
I here preſent you with a faithful heart,
A heart, to you devoted; which aſſures
It ſelf no happineſs, but in being yours.

Pardon

Pardon my boldneſs, they that ſhall reprove
This, as a fault, reprove a fault in love:
And why ſhould cuſtom do our Sex that wrong,
To take away the priviledge of our tongue?
If nature give us freedom to affect,
Why then ſhould cuſtome bar us to detect
The gifts of nature? ſhe that is in pain,
Hath a ſufficient warrant to complain.
Then give me leave (my Lord) to re-inforce
A virgins ſuit, and (thinking ne'er the worſe
Of proffer'd love) let my deſires thrive,
And freely accept, what I ſo freely give.

So ending, ſilence did enlarge her ear,
(Prepar'd with quick attention) to hear
His gracious words: But *Argalus* whoſe paſſion
Had put his amorous Courtſhip out of faſhion,
Return'd no anſwer, till his trickling eyes
Had given an earneſt of ſuch obſequies,
As his adjourned ſorrow had intended
To do at full, and therefore recommended
To privacy; true grief abhors the light;
Who grieves without a witneſs grieves aright.

His paſſion thus ſuſpended for a while,
(And yet not ſo, but that it did recoil
Strong ſighs he wip'd his tear-bedewed eyes,
And turning to the Lady, thus replies:

Madam,
Your no leſs rare, than noble favors ſhow
How much you merit, and how much I owe
Your great deſert, which claims more thankfulneſs,
Than ſuch a dearth of language can expreſs:
But moſt of all, I ſtand for ever bound
To that your goodneſs my Parthenia *found*
In her diſtreſs, for which reſpect (in duty
As I am tied) poor Argalus *ſhall repute ye*
The flower of noble courteſie, and proclaim
Your high deſervings. Lady, as I am,
A poor unhappy wretch, the very ſcorn
Of all proſperity, diſtreſt, forlorn,

Un-

Unworthy the least favor you can give,
I am your slave, your Beadsman will I live;
But for this weighty matter you propound,
Although I see how much it would redound
To my great happiness, yet Heaven knows
(Most exc'lent Lady) I cannot dispose
Of mine own thoughts, nor have I power to do
What else you needed not perswade me to;
For, trust me, were this heart of mine, mine own,
To carve according to my pleasure, none
But you should challenge it; but while I live,
It is Partheniaes, *and not mine to give.*

Whereto she thus replies: *Most noble Sir,*
Death, that hath made divorce 'twixt you and her,
Hath now returned you your heart again,
Dissolv'd your vows, dislink'd that sacred chain,
Which ti'd your souls: nay more, her dying breath
Bequeath'd your heart to me; which by her death
Is grown a debt that you are bound to pay:
Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay,
The longer time her soul is dispossest
(And by your means) of her desired rest.

Whereto the poor distressed *Argalus*
Pausing a while, return'd his answer thus.

Incomparable Lady,
When first of all, by Heavens divine directions,
We lov'd, we lik'd, we link't our dear affections,
And with the solemn power of an oath,
In presence of the better gods, we both
Exchang'd our hearts: in witness of which thing,
I gave, and she received this dear Ring,
Which now you wear; by which she did resign
Her heart to me; for which, I gave her mine.
Now, Madam, by a mutual commerce,
My exchang'd heart is not mine own, but hers:
Which if it had the power to survive,
She being dead, what heart have I to give?
Or if that heart expired in her death,
What heart had she (poor Lady!) to bequeath?

Madam,

Madam, in her, began my dear affection;
In her it liv'd, in her it had perfection;
In her it joy'd, although but ill befriended
By fate: In her begun, in her it ended.
If I had lov'd, if I had onely lov'd
Partheniaes *beauty, I had soon been mov'd*
To moderate my sorrows, and to place
That love on you, that have Partheniaes *face;*
But 'twas Partheniaes *self I lov'd, and love;*
Which as no time hath power to remove
From my fixt heart, so nothing can diminish,
No fortune can dissolve, no death can finish.
With mingled frowns and smiles she thus repli'd
Half in a rage, *And must I be deni'd?*
Are these the noble favors I expected?
To finde disgrace? and go away rejected?
Most noble Lady, if my words (said he)
Sute not your expectation, let them be
Imputed to the misery of my state,
Which makes my lips to speak they know not what;
Mistake not him, that onely studies how
With most advantage still to honor you.
Alas! what joys I ever did receive
From Fortune, 's buried in Partheniaes *grave,*
With whom, ere long, (nor are my hopes in vain)
I hope to meet, and never part again.

So said, with more than Eagle-winged haste,
She flew into his bosome, and imbrac'd
In her clos'd arms, his sorrow-wasted waste;
Surcharg'd with joy, she wept, not having power
To speak. Have you beheld an *April* shower
Send down her hasty bubbles, and then stops,
Then storms afresh, through whose transparent drops
The unobscured Lamp of Heaven convays
The brighter glory of his refulgent rays:
Even so, within her blushing Cheeks resided
A mixt aspect, 'twixt smiles and tears divided:
So even divided, no man could say, whether
She wept, or smil'd, she smil'd and wept together:

She

She held him fast, and like a fainting lover,
Whose passion now had licence to discover
Some words: *Since then thy heart is not for me,*
Take, take thy own Parthenia (said she)
Chear up my Argalus, *these words of mine*
Are thy Partheniaes, *as* Parthenia's *thine*;
Believe it (Love) *these are no false alarms,*
Thou hast thine own Parthenia *in thine arms.*

Like as a man whose hourly wants implore
Each meals relief, trudging from door to door,
That hears no dialect from churlish lips,
But news of Beadles, and their torturing whips,
Takes up (perchance) some unexpected treasure,
New lost; departs, and, joyful beyond measure,
Is so transported, that he scarce believes
So great a truth, and what his eye perceives,
Not daring trust, but fears it is some vision
Or flattering dream, deserving but derision:
So *Argalus* amazed at the news,
Fain would believe, but daring not abuse
His easie faith too soon; for fear his heart
Should surfet on conceit, he did impart
The truth unto his fancy by degrees:
Where stop'd by passion, falling on his knees,
He thus began: *O you eternal powers*
That have the guidance of these souls of ours,
Who by your just prerogative can do
What is a sin for man to dive into:
Whose undiscover'd actions are too high
For thought: Too deep for man t'inquire why:
Delude not these mine eies with the false show
Of such a joy, as I must never know
But in a dream; or if a dream it be,
O let me never wake again, to see
My self deceiv'd, that am ordain'd t'enjoy
A real grief, and but a dreaming joy.
Much more he spake to this effect, which ended
He blest himself, and (with a sigh) unbended
His aking knees; and rising from the ground,
He cast his rolling eyes about, and found

The

The room avoided, and himself alone;
The door half-clos'd, and his *Parthenia* gone,
His now distemper'd passion grew extream:
I knew, I knew (said he) *'twas but a dream;*
A minutes joy, a flash, a flattering bubble
Blown by the fancy, full of pleasing trouble;
Which waking breaks, and empties into air,
And breath'd into my soul a fresh despair.
I knew't was nothing but a golden dream,
Which (waking) *makes my wants the more extream:*
I knew't was nothing but a dreaming joy,
Abliß, which (waking) *I should ne'er enjoy,*
My dear Parthenia *tell me, where, O where*
Art thou, that so deludst mine eye, mine ear?
O that my wakened fancy had the might
To represent unto my real sight
What my deceived eyes beheld, that I
Might surfet with excess of joy, and die.
With that, the fair *Parthenia* (whose desire
Was all this while, by fire, to draw out fire;
And by a well advised course to smother
The fury of one passion with another)
Stept in, and said; *Then* Argalus *take thou*
Thy true Parthenia: *Thou dream'st not now;*
Behold this Ring, whose Motto does impart
The constancy of our divided heart:
Behold these Eyes, that for thy sake have vented
A world of tears, unpitied, unlamented:
Behold this face, that had, of late, the power
To curse all beauty, yet it self secure:
Witness that Taper, whose prophetick snuff
Was outed and revived with one puff:
And that my words may wake thy dull belief,
'Twas I, that roar'd beneath the scourge of grief,
When thou didst curse the darkness for concealing
My face; and then the Taper for revealing
So foul a face; 'twas I, that, overcome
With violent despair, stood deaf and dumb
To all thy urg'd perswasions: it was I,
That in thy absence, did resolve to die

A wandring Pilgrim, trusting to be led
By Fortune, to my death; and therefore fled:
But see! the powers above can work their ends,
In spight of mortals: and what man intends,
The Heavens dispose, and order the event:
For when my thoughts were desperately bent
To mine own ruine, I was led by fate
(Through dangers, now too tedious to relate)
To fair Queen Helens Court, not knowing whither
My unadvised steps were guided. Thither
My Genius brought me; where, unknown to any,
I mourn'd in silence, though observ'd by many,
Reliev'd by none; at length they did acquaint
The fair Queen Hellen with my strange complaint;
Whose noble heart did truly sympathize
With mine, partaking in my miseries:
Who, fill'd with pity, strongly did importune
The woful case of my disastrous fortune,
And never rested till she did inforce
These lips t'acquaint her with the whole discourse.
Which done, her gracious pleasure did command
Her own Chirurgion, to whose skilful hand
She left my foul disease, who in the space
Of twice ten days, restor'd me to this face:
The cure perfected, straight she sent about
(Without my knowledge) to enquire out
That party, for whose sake I was contented
T'endure such grief with patience, unrepented;
Hoping (since by her means, and help of art
My face was cur'd) even so to cure my heart.
But when the welcome messenger return'd
The place of thy abode, O how my spirit burn'd
To kiss her hands, and so to leave the Court:
But she, (whose favors did transcend report
As much, as they exceeded my desert)
Detain'd me for a while, as loath to part
With her poor handmaid; till at last, pretending
A lovers haste, and freely apprehending
So just a cause of speed; she soon befriended
My best desires, and sent me thus attended:

Where (under a false mark) I laid this plot,
To see how soon my Argalus *had forgot*
His dead Parthenia, *but my blessed ear*
Hath heard, what few or none must hope to hear:
Now fare wel sorrow, and let old despair
Go seek new breasts: let mischeif never dare
Attempt our hearts: let Argalus *enjoy*
His true Parthenia; *let* Partheniaes *joy*
Revive in him; let each be blest in either,
And blest be Heaven, that brought us both together.

With that, the wel-nigh broken hearted lover,
Ravish'd with over joy, did thus discover
His long pent words: *And do these eyes once more*
Behold what their extream despair gave o'er
To hope for? Do these wretched eyes attain
The happiness to see this face again?
And is there so much happiness yet left
For a broke heart, a heart that was bereft
Of power t'enjoy, what Heaven had power to give?
Breathes my Parthenia? *Does* Parthenia *live?*

Who ever saw the Pole-affecting Stone,
By hidden power, (a power as yet unkown
To our confin'd and darkned reason) draw
The Neighboring Steel, which by the mutual Law
Of Nature's secret working, strives as much
To be attracted, till they joyn and touch:
Even so these greedy Lovers meet, and charms
Each other strongly in each others arms;
Even so they meet; and with unbounded measure
Of true content, and time beguiling pleasure,
Enjoy each other with a world of kisses,
Sealing the Patent of true worldly blisses;
Where for a while I leave them to receive,
What pleasures new-met Lovers use to have.

Readers forbear, and let no wanton eye
Abuse our Scene: Let not the slander by
Corrupt our Lines, or make an Obscene gloss
Upon our sober Text, and mix his dross
With our refined Gold, extracting sower
From sweet; and poyson from so fair a flower.

Correct your wandring thoughts; and do not fear
To think the best: Here is no *Tarquine* here;
No lustful, no insatiate *Messaline*,
Who thought it gain sufficient to resign
An Age of Honor, for a Night of pleasure;
Whose strength to endure lust, was the just measure
Of her adust desire: Ye need not fear
Our private Lovers, who esteem less dear
Their lives than honors, daring not to do
But what, unsham'd, the Sun may pry into.
If any itching ears desire to know
What secret conference past betwixt these two;
To them my Muse thus answers: *When your case*
Shall prove the like, she wills you to embrace
True honor, as these noble Lovers did,
And you shall know. Till then, you are forbid
To enquire farther: Onely this she pleases
To let you understand, that love's diseases
Being throughly cured, by their meeting, they
Have once again prefixt a *Marriage-day:*
Which that it might succeed with fairer fortune,
Readers, she moves your pleasures to importune
The better gods, *That they would please t'appay*
Their griefs with joy, and smile upon that day.

Argalus

Argalus and *Parthenia.*

The Third Book.

WHen ſturdy *March* his ſtorms are over-blown,
And *April's* gentle ſhowers are ſlidden down,
To cloſe the wind-chapt Earth, ſucceeding *May*
Enters her Moneth, whoſe early breaking-day
Calls Ladies from their eaſie Beds to view
Sweet *Maia's* pride, and the diſcolour'd hiew
Of dewy-breſted *Flora* in her bower,
Where every hand hath leave to pick the flower
Her fancy likes: wherewith to be poſſeſt,
Until it fade, and wither in the breſt.
Now ſmooth-fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder ſmiles
Viſits the banks of his beloved *Iles*:
Æolus calls in the winds, and bids them hold
Their ful-mouth'd blaſts, that breath leſs are controld:
Each one retires, and ſhrinks into his ſeat,
And Sea-green *Triton* ſounds a ſhrill re-treat:
And thus at length, our Pinnace is paſt o'er
The Bar, and rides before the *Maiden-tower*.
Up, now in earneſt (Voyagers) and ſtand ye
On your faint-legs, our long-boat ſtraight ſhall land ye.
Forget your travels now, and lead your eyes
From your paſt dangers, to your preſent prize:

You traffick not for toys: The gods have set
No other price to things of price, but sweat.
Chear up; call home your hearts, and be advis'd,
Goods eas'ly purchas'd, are as eas'ly priz'd:
You traffick not for trifles, and your travel
Was not to compass the almighty Gravel
Of th'*Indian* Mines, to ballast your estates;
'Twas not for blasts of *Honor*, whose poor dates
Depend on regal smiles, and have no measures
But Monarch's Wills, exspiring with their pleasures:
'Twas not to conquer Kingdoms, or obtain
The dangerous title of a *Soveraign*.
These are poor things: It is but false discretion
To toil, where hopes are sweeter than possession:
No, we are bound upon more brave adventures,
True Honor, *Beauty*, *Vertue*, are the Centers
To which we point, whereto our thoughts do tend;
And Heaven hath bought our voyage to an end.
Hail noble *Argalus* now the Cock-boat stands
Secure; step forth; spred forth thy widened hands,
And take thy fairest Bride into thine arms.
Strike up (brave spirit) *Cupid*'s fresh alarms
Upon her melting Lips: Take Toll, before
Thou set her dainty foot upon the shore;
So let her slide upon thy gentle breast,
And feel the ground: Then lead her to her rest.
Go Imps of Honor, let the morning Sun
Gild your delights, and spend his Beams upon
Your Marriage Triumphs; let his Western light
Decline apace, and make an early night.
Go, *Turtles*, go, let treble joys betide
The faithful *Bridegroom*, and his fairest *Bride*:
Let your own vertues light you to your rest;
To morrow come we to your Nuptial feast.

By this the curl'd-pate Waggoner of Heaven
Had finisht his diurnal course, and driven
His panting Steeds a down the Western Hill,
When silver *Cynthia*, rising to fulfil
Her nightly course, lets fall an evening tear,
To see her Brother leave the Hemisphere,

Which

Which by the air dispers'd, is early found
(And call'd *A Pearly Dew*) upon the ground:
Still as the night, no language did molest
The walking ear; all mortals were at rest:
No breath of wind had power to provoke
The Aspine-Leaf, or urge th'aspiring smoke;
Sweet was the air, and clear; no Star was hid;
No envious cloud was stirring, to forbid
The wilde Astronomer to gaze, and look
Into the secrets of his spangled Book;
Whil'st round about, in each resounding grove,
(As if the *Choristers* of the night had strove
T'excel) the warbling *Philomele* compares,
And vies by turns her *Polyphonian* airs.
And now the horn-mouth'd *Belman* of the night
Had sent his midnight summons to invite
Nights ravenous rebels from their secret holds
To roam and visit the securer folds;
Whil'st drouzy *Morpheus* with his leaden Keys
Locks up the Shepherds eye-lids, and betrays
The scatter'd flocks; which lie like sacrifices,
Expecting fire when the Sun-god rises.
By this the pale-fac'd *Empress* of the night
Had re-surrendred up her borrowed light,
And to the lower world she now retires,
Attended with her train of lesser fires,
And early *Hesper* shoots his golden head,
To usher *Titan* from his Purple Bed;
The gray-ey'd *Janitor* does now begin
To ope his Eastern portals, and let in
The new-born Day; who having lately hurld
The shades of night into the lower world,
The dewy cheek'd *Aurora* does unfold
Her Purple curtains, all befring'd with Gold;
And from the Pillow of his *Crocean* Bed,
Don *Phœbus* rouzes his refulgent head;
That with his all-discerning eye survays
And gilds the Mountains with his morning rays.
Now, now the wakeful *Bridegroom* (whose last night
Had made her shades too long) salutes the light,

Salutes the welcome light, which now, at length,
Shall crown his heart with joys, beyond the strength
Of mortal language, whose religious fires
Shall light those Lovers to their wisht desires.
Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial weeds,
T'enjoy that joy, from whence all joy proceeds:
Enter those joys, from whence all joy proceeds:
Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial weeds,
And thou fair Bride, more beauteous than the day,
Thy day is come, and *Hymen* calls away;
Awake and rouze thee from thy downy slumber:
Thy day is come: O may thy joys out-number
Thy minutes that are past, and ensue;
Arise, and bid thy Maiden-bed adieu;
Put on thy Nuptial Robes, time calls away;
O may thy after-days, be like this day.
By this, bright *Phœbus* with redoubled glory,
Had half-way mounted to the highest story
Of his Olympick Palace: there to see
This long expected days solemnity:
When all on sudden, there was heard (around
From every quarter) the Majestick sound
Of many Trumpets: All, in consort running
One point of War, transcending far the cunning
Of mortal blasts; and, what did seem more strange,
The ill rill-mouth'd Musick did as sudden change
To *Dorick* strains, to sweet mollitious airs,
To *Lyrick* songs, and voices, like to theirs
That charm'd *Ulysses*: whilst th'amazed ear
Stood ravisht at these changes, it might hear
Those voices, (by degrees) transform'd to Lutes,
To Shalms, deep throated Sackbuts, and to Flutes
And echo-forcing Cornets; which surpast
The art of man: This Harmony did last
Until the Bridegroom came: but all men wondred
To hear the noise: Some thought the Heavens had
To a new tune; and some more wiser ears (thundred
Conceiv'd it was the *Musick of the Spheares*:
All wondred, all men gaz'd, and all could hear:
But none knew whence the Musick was, or where.

Forth-

Forthwith, as if a ſecond Sun had roſe,
And ſtrove with greater brightneſs to depoſe
The glory of the firſt, the Bridegroom came,
Uſher'd along with Eagle-winged fame,
Whoſe twice five hundred mouths did at one blaſt
Inſpire a Thouſand Trumpets, as he paſt.
His Nuptial veſture was of Scarlet Die,
So deep, as it would dazle a weak eye
To gaze upon't; to which, the curious Art
Of the laborious Needle did impart
So great a glory, that you might behold
A riſing Sun, imboſt with pureſt gold:
From whence ten thouſand trails of gold came down
In waving points, like Sun-beams from that Sun:
Thus from his chamber midſt the vulgar croud
(Like *Titan* breaking through a gloomy cloud)
The long expected Bridegroom came, and paſt
Th'amazed multitude; till, at the laſt,
His Herauld brought him to the Hall of State,
Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did await
To welcome his approach, and to diſcharge
The lower volley of their joys at large:
The Hall was ſpacious, lightſome, and beſtrow'd
With *Floraes* wealth, (a bounty that ſhe ow'd
This glorious feaſt) the Walls were richly clad
With curious Tap'ſtry (ſuch as *Greece* ne'er had
Before that day) wherein you might behold,
Wrought to the life, in colour'd ſilk and gold,
This preſent ſtory of theſe peerleſs Lovers,
Which like a ſilent Chronicle, diſcovers
The ſeveral paſſages that did befal
'Twixt their firſt meeting, and their Nuptial:
Deviſ'd and wrought by Virgins born in *Greece*,
Preſented to this Triumph, as a piece
Devoted to the memory and fame
Of *Argalus*, and his *Partheniaes* name;
No ſooner was the Ceremonies ended,
(Wherein each noble ſpirit more contended
T'expreſs affection, than affect th' expreſſion)
Of courtly Rhet'rick, in a bare profeſſion

Of

Of airy friendſhip) but a ſudden ſhout
Of rudely-mingled voices flew throughout
The ſpacious Caſtle, which confus'dly cry'd,
Joy to Parthenia, *to the faireſt Bride.*
Forthwith (as if that Heaven had broken looſe,
And Deities had meant to enterpoſe
Their heavenly bodies, with the mortal tribe
Of men; or elſe, intending to aſcribe
Their pers'nal honor to this Nuptial)
In more than Princely ſtate enters the Hall
A glorious ſhow of Ladies, all array'd
In rare and coſtly Robes, and richly laid
With Jems unvalued; and each Lady wore
A Scarf upon her Arm, embroidred ore
With Gold and Pearl; thus hand in hand they paſt
Into the Hall, but oft their eyes did caſt
A backward look, as if their thoughts did minde,
Some greater glory, coming on behinde:
Next after them, came in the Virgin-Crew
In Milk-white Robes (Virgins that never knew
The ſacred myſt'ries of the Marriage-bed,
Nor, finding trouble in a Maiden head,
I relent a thought to nuptial joys till now)
Thus paſt theſe Buds of Nature, two by two,
Their long diſ-ſhevelled Treſſes dangled down
With careleſs Art, and on each head a crown
Of Golden Lawrel ſtood: Their faces ſhrouded
Beneath a vail, ſeem'd as the Stars were clouded.
Have ye beheld in froſty Winters Even,
When all the leſſer twinkling Lamps of Heaven
Are fully kindled, how the ruddy face
Of riſing *Cynthia* looks? With what a grace
She views the throne of darkneſs, and aſpires
Th'*Olympick* brow, amidſt the ſmaller fires?
So after all theſe Sparks of Beauty, came
(They were but ſparks to ſuch a glorious flame)
The fair *Parthenia*: Thus the Ro e-Cheek'd Bride
Enters the room; a Milk-white Vail did hide
Her bluſhing face, which ne'rtheleſs diſcloſes
Some glimps of red, like Lawn o'er-ſpreding Roſes.

Thus

Thus entred she. The Garments that she wore
Were made of Purple Silk, bespankled ore
With Stars of purest Gold, and round about
Each several Star went, winding in and out,
A trail of Orient Pearl, so rarely wrought,
That as the garments mov'd, you would have thought
The Stars had twinkled; her dishevell'd hair
Hung down behinde, as if the onely care,
Had been to reconcile Neglect and Art,
Hung loosly down, and vail'd the backer part
Of those her Sky-resembling Robes; but so,
That every breath would wave it to and fro,
Like flying clouds, through which you might discover
Sometimes one glim'ring Star, sometimes another:
Thus on she went; her ample train supported
By thrice three Virgins, evenly siz'd and sorted
In Purple Robes: forthwith, the Bridegroom rises
From off his Chair; bows down and sacrifices
The peaceful offering of a morning kiss,
Upon her Lips: *To such a Saint as this,*
O, what rebellious heart could chuse but bow
And offer freely, the perpetual vow
Of choice obedience?

With that, each Noble moves him from his place,
And with a posture, full of Princely grace,
Salutes the lovely Bride, with words, expressing
The joyful model of a Kingdoms blessing.
But hark! The *Hymenean* Trumpet sends
Her latest summons forth: *Hymen* attends
The noble Pair, and is prepar'd to yoke
Their promis'd hands; the sacred Altars smoke
With Myrrhe and Frankincense, the ways are strow'd
With *Floraes* pride; and the expecting croud
Have throng'd the streets, and every greedy eye
Attends to see the Triumph passing by.

At length the Gates flew open: On this fashion
Began the Triumph: First a *Proclamation*
Was made, with a loud voice: *If any be*
Or Lord, or Knight, or whatso'er degree.

Professing

Professing Arms or Honor in the Land,
That at this time can challenge or pretend
A title to Partheniaes *heart, or claim*
A right, or interest in her love, or name;
Let him come forth in person, or appear
By noble Proxy, if not present here:
And by the excellent Honor of a Knight,
He shall receive such honorable right
As the just Sword can give: Let him now come
And speak, or else, for evermore be dumb.

Thrice was it read; which done, forthwith there came
True honors Eagle-winged Herauld Fame,
Sounding a Silver Trump; and as she past
She shook the Earths foundation with her blast:
Next after whom in undissembled state
The Bridegroom came: On his right-hand did wait
The God of War in Martial Robes of green,
All stain'd with bleeding-hearts, as they had been
But newly wounded, and from every wound
Fresh blood did seem to trickle on the ground:
And as the Garments mov'd, each dying heart
Would seem to pant a while, and then depart:
Upon the Bridegrooms left-hand there attended
Heavens Pursuivant, whose Brawny Arm extended
A winged *Caduce*; he had scarce the might
To curb his feet: His feet were wing'd for flight:
Above his head their hands did joyntly hold
A Crimson Canopy emboss't with Gold.
Next them, twice twenty famous Nobles follow'd,
Brave men at arms, whose names the world had hallow'd
For rare exploits, and twice as many Knights,
Whose bloods had ransom'd, and redeem'd the rights
Of wronged Ladies: These were all aray'd
In robes of Needle-work, so rarely made,
That he which sees them, thinks he doth behold
Armors of Steel, fair filletted with Gold;
And as they marcht, their Squires did advance
Before each Knight his warlike Shield and Lance.
And after these, the Princely Virgin-bride,
On whom all eyes were fastned, did divide

Her

Her gentle paces, being led between
Two goddesses, the one array'd in green,
On which the curious needle undertook
To make a Forest: here, a bubbling Brook
Divides two Thickets, through the which doth flie
The single Deer, before the deep-mouth'd cry
That closely follows: There, th'affrighted Herd
Stands trembling at the musick, and afear'd
Of every shadow, gazes to and fro,
Not knowing where to stay, or where to go:
Where, in a Landskip, you may see the Faunes
Following their crying mothers ore the Lawns:
The other was in Robes, the purer Dye
Whereof, did represent the mid-day sky (Beams
Full of black Clouds; through which, the glorious
Of the victorious Sun appears, and seems
As 'twere to scatter; and at length, to shed
His brighter glory, on a fruitful Bed
Of noisom weeds, from whence you might discern
A thousand painful Bees extract, and earn
Their sweet provision: And, with laden thighs
To bear their waxy burthens: On this wise
The Princely Bride was led betwixt these two:
The first was she, that on *Acteon*'s brow
Reveng'd her naked chastity; the other
Was she, to whom *Jove*'s pregnant brain was mother
Through *Vulcan*'s help; and these did joyntly hold
Upon her head, a Coronet of Gold:
Whose train, *Dianaes* Virgin-crew, all crown'd
With Golden wreaths, supported from the ground,
Next after her, upon the triumph waited
An order, by *Diana* new created,
And styl'd, *The Ladies of the Maiden-head*,
In white, wrought here and there with spots of red,
And every spot appeared as a stain
Of lovers blood, whom their coy hearts had slain:
Rankt three and three, and on each head a Crown
Of Primeroses, and Roses not yet blown.
Next whom, the Beauties of th'*Arcadian* Court
March'd two and two, whose glory came not short

Of what th'unlimitted and ſtudied art
Of glory-vying Ladies could impart
To ſuch ſolemnities, where every one
Strove to excel, and to b'excell'd of none.
Thus came they to the Temple, where attended
The ſacred Prieſts, whoſe voices recommended
The days ſucceſs to Heaven, and did divide
A bleſſing 'twixt the Bridegroom, and the Bride;
Which done, and after low obeiſance made,
The firſt (while all the reſt kept ſilence) ſaid.

Welcome to Juno's *ſacred Courts: Draw near:*
Unſpotted Lovers, welcome: Do not fear
To touch his holy ground; paſs on ſecure:
Our Gates ſtand open to ſuch gueſts, as you are:
Our gracious Goddeſs grants you your deſires,
And hath accepted of thoſe holy fires
We offer'd in your name, and takes a pleaſure
To ſmell your Incenſe, in ſo great a meaſure
Of true delight, that we are bold to ſay,
She crowns your vows, and ſmiles upon this day.

So ſaid, they bowed to the ground, and bleſt
Themſelves; that done, they ſingled from the reſt
The noble Bridegroom, and his Princely Bride,
And ſaid, *Our gracious Goddeſs be our guide,*
As we are yours: And as t'ey ſpake that word,
Their well tun'd voices ſweetly did accord
With Muſick from the Altar; as along
They paſt, they gently warbled out this Song.

THus in pomp and prieſtly pride,
To glorious Juno's *Altar go we;*
Thus to Juno's *Altar ſhow we*
The noble Bridegroom and his Bride:
Let Juno's *hourly bleſſings ſend ye*
As much joy as can attend ye.

May theſe Lovers never want
True joys, nor ever beg in vain
Their choice deſires; but obtain
What they can wiſh, or ſhe can grant.

Let

Let Juno's *hourly blessing send ye,*
As much joy as can attend ye.

From satiety, from strife,
From jealousie, domestick jars,
From those blows that leave no scars,
Juno *protect your marriage life,*
Let Juno's *hourly blessing send ye,*
As much joy as can attend ye.

Thus to Hymen's *sacred hands,*
We commend your chaste deserts,
That as Juno *link'd your hearts,*
So he would please to joyn your hands;
And let both their blessings send ye,
As much joy as can attend ye.

No sooner was this Nuptial *Carol* ended,
But bowing to the ground, they recommended
This Princely pair (both prostrate on the floor)
And with their hands presented them before
The sacred Altar, whereunto they brought
Two Milk-white Turtles, and with Prayers, besought
That *Juno*'s lasting favors would descend,
And make their pleasures, pleasures without end.
With that a horrid crack of dreadful thunder,
Possest each trembling heart with fear and wonder,
The Rafters of the holy Temple shook,
As if accursed *Archimages* Book
(That cursed Legion) had been newly read:
The ground did tremble, and a mist o'erspred
The darkned Altar.
At length, deep silence did possess and fill
The spacious Temple: All was whist and still.
When, from the clouded Altar, brake the sound
Of heavenly Musick, such as would confound
With Death, or Ravishment, the Earth-bred ear,
Had not the Goddess given it strength to bear
So strong a rapture. As the Musick ended,
The mist on sudden vanisht, and ascended

From whence it came. The Altar did appear,
And Ashes lying, where the Turtles were:
Near which, great *Hymen* stood, not seen before;
His Purple Mantle was embroidered ore
With *Crowns* of *Thorn*, 'mongst which you might behold
Some, here and there, (but very few) of Gold;
Upon each little space, that did divide
The several Crowns, a Gordian knot was tide;
And turning to the Priest, he thus began:

What mean these fumes? Say, what hath mortal man
To do with us? what great request? what suit
Does now attend us, that they thus salute
Our Nostrils, with such acceptable savors?
Tell us, wherein do they implore the favors
Of the pleas'd gods? for, by the Eternal Throne
And Majesty of Heaven, it shall be done.

Whereto, with bended knees, they thus reply'd;

Great god; this noble Bridegroom, and this Bride,
Whom we, most humbly, here present before
Great Juno's *sacred Altar, do implore*
Your gracious aid; that with your nuptial bands
Your grace would please to tye their promis'd hands.

With that he straight descends the holy Stairs,
And with his widened Arms, divides and shares
An equal blessing 'twixt them both, and said.

Noble Youth, and lovely Maid,
Heaven accepts your pleasing fires,
And hath granted your desires:
By the mystery of our power,
First, we consecrate this hour
To Juno's *name, that she would bless*
Our prosp'rous actions with success.
With this Oyl (which we appoint
For holy uses) we anoint
Your Temples, and with Nuptial Bands
Thus we firmly joyn your hands:
Be joyn'd for ever; and let none
Presume t'undo, what we have done:

Be joyn'd till lawleſs Death ſhall ſever
Both hands and hearts: Be joyn'd for ever:
Eternal curſes we allot
To thoſe, till then, ſhall looſe this knot.

So ſaid, he bleſt them both in *Juno*'s name,
And from their ſight he vaniſht in a flame:
That done, they roſe, and with new Fumes ſaluted
The ſmoaking Altar: Thrice they proſtituted
Their bended bodies on the holy ground,
Where, ſending forth the well-accepted ſound
Of Thanks and Vows, from their divided heart,
They kiſs the ſacred Altar, and depart;
And, with the ſelf-ſame Triumph as they came,
Return'd; whil'ſt the louder Trump of Fame
With a full blaſt ſends forth a ſhrill retreat,
And reconducts them to the Hall of State,
Whoſe richly furniſh'd Table would invite
A bed-rid ſtomack to an appetite,
And make the waſteful Glutton that does eat
His unearn'd diet with his daily ſweat,
Behold his Heaven in a more ample meaſure,
Than he had hopes to purchaſe, with the treaſure
Of his beſt faith; ſuch were the dainties, ſuch!
The Viands, that I dare not think too much
To term it Paradiſe, where all things did
Offer themſelves, and nothing was forbid.
Soon as the Marſhal of this Princely Feaſt
Had in his rightful Seat, plac'd every gueſt,
A ſoft harmonious rapture did confine
All tongues with wonder, as a thing divine.
Forthwith, with joyned hands and ſmiling faces,
With habits more unequal than their paces,
A jolly pair drew near the Table; th'one
In Green: His pamper'd body had out-grown
His ſeam-ript Garments, all embroider'd over
With ſpreading Vines, whoſe fruitful leaves did cover
Their ſwelling Cluſters; his out-ſtrutting eyes
Star'd in his head; his dropſie-ſwollen thighs
Quagg'd as he went; his purple colour'd ſnout
Was deeply furniſh'd, and enrich'd about

With Carbuncles; around his brows did twine
Full laded Clusters, ravish'd from the Vine.
The other was a Lady, whom the Sun
With his bright rays had too much gaz'd upon:
The colour of her silken Mantle was
'Twixt green and yellow, like the fading Grass:
On which were wrought enclosed Fields of Corn,
Some reap'd, some bound in sheaves, & some unshorn,
Well-favor'd was her countenance, plump and round;
Her Golden Tresses dangled to the ground:
Her Temples bound with full ripe Ears of Wheat,
Wreath'd like a Garland: Frequent drops of sweat
Down from her swarthy brows did slily trickle,
And in her Sun-burnt hand she bare a Sickle.
Thus usher'd, with a Bag-pipe to the Table,
They both stood mute: *Bacchus* as yet unable
To challenge Language from his breathless Tongue,
Till smiling *Ceres* thus began the Song.

Welcome fairest Virgin-Bride,
Welcome to our jolly Feast:
Taste what Ceres *did provide*
For so fair, so fair a guest.

Bacch. *Taste what* Bacchus *did provide*
For so fair, so fair a guest:
Welcome fairest Virgin-Bride,
Welcome to our jolly Feast.

Chor. *Our conjoyned bounties do*
Make Mars *smile, and* Venus *too.*

Ceres. *Welcome noble Bridegroom hither;*
Worlds of bliss, and joy attend ye:
Freely welcome both together,
See what Ceres *bounty sends ye.*

Bacch. *Freely welcome both together,*
See what Bacchus *bounty sends ye.*
Welcome noble Bridegroom hither;
Worlds of bliss, and joy attend ye.

Chor. *Our conjoyned bounties do*
Make Mars *smile, and* Venus *too.*

Ceres.

Ceres. *Here is that, whose sweet variety*
Gives you pleasure and delight;
Makes you full without satiety;
Wastes the day, and hastes the night.

Bacch. *This will rouze the Man of War*
When the Drum shall beat in vain,
When his spirits drooping are,
This will make them rise again.

Chor. *You that joyntly do inherit*
Venus *beauty*, Mars *his spirit*,
Freely taste our bounty; so
Mars *shall smile, and* Venus *too.*

The Song thus ended, joyning hands together,
They bow'd & vanish'd, none knew how, nor whither.
To make relation of each quaint device,
That art presented their unwearied eyes;
The nature of their mirth, of their discourse;
The dainties of the first, the second course;
The secret glances of the Bridegrooms eye
On his fair Bride, how oft she blusht, and why;
Were but to rob the Bridegroom of his right,
Who counts each hour a Summers day till night.
Methinks it grieves me, that my Pen should wrong
Poor Lovers disappointed hopes so long:
And it repents me so, that oftentimes
Methinks I could be angry with my Rhimes,
And for the cruel sins that they commit
In being tedious, some I wish unwrit:
Let it suffice, what glory, what delight,
What state, or what to please the appetite,
The eye, the ear, the fancy; in a word,
What joy so short a season could afford
To well prepared hearts, was here expresst
In this our Nuptial, this our Princely feast.

Thus when the Board was voided, and the Sewer
Had now resign'd his office with the Ewer,
The curious Linnen gone; and all the rites
Perform'd, that long to festival delights:
The light-foot *Hermes* enters in the Hall,
Holds forth the *Caduce*, and adjures them all

To depth of silence; tells them, 'tis his task
To let them know, the gods intend a Mask,
To grace these Nuptials; and with that he spred
His air-dividing pinions and fled.

The Mask of the gods.

When silence thus had charmed every ear
With wonder and attention, they might hear
The winged Quiristers of night, about
In every corner, sweetly warbling out
Their Philomelian *airs, and wilder note,*
Which nature taught them to divide by rote;
So that the Hall did seem a shady Grove,
Wherein by turns, th'ambitious Quire strove
T'excel themselves.
While that their ears were feeding with delight
Upon these strains, The Goddess of the Night
Enters the Scene: Her body was confin'd
Within a coal-black Mantle, thorow lin'd
With sable Furs: Her Tresses were of hiew
Like Ebony, on which a Pearly dew
Hung, like a Spiders VVeb: Her face did shrowd
A swarff Complexion, underneath a cloud
Of black curld Cypress: *On her head, she wore*
A Crown of burnish'd Gold, beshaded o'er
With Fogs and Rory mist; her hands did bear
A Scepter and a sable Hemisphere:
She sternly shook her dewy Locks, and brake
A melancholly smile, and thus bespake:

Drive on, drive on, (dull Waggoner) let slip
Your looser reins, and use thine idle whip,
Thy pamper'd Steeds are pursie, drive away,
The lower world thinks long to see the day:
Darkness befits us best; and our delight
Will relish far more sweeter in the night:
Approach (ye blessed shadows) and extend
Your early jurisdiction, and befriend
Our nightly sports: Approach, make no delay,
It is your Queen, your Soveraign calls away.

VVith that, a sudden darkness fill'd the Hall:
The light was banish'd, and the windows all

So-

So nearly clos'd their eye-lids round about,
That day could not get in, nor darkness out;
Thus while the Death-resembling shades of night
Had drawn their Misty Curtains 'twixt the light
And every darkned eye, which was deny'd
To see, but that, which darkness could not hide:
The Jealous god, fearing he knows not whom,
(Indeed whom fears he not?) enters the room,
And with his Club-foot groping in the shade
Of night, he mutter'd forth these words, and said:

Vulcans Speech.

Where is this wanton Harlot now become?
Is light so odious to her? or is home
So homely in her wandring eyes, that she
Must still be rambling, where unknown to me?
Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,
But intermedling *Venus* must be one?
Is't not enough that *Phœbus* does applaud
Her lust, but must Nights Goddess be her Baud?
Darkness be gone, thou Patroness to Lust:
If fair means may not rid thee, fouler must,
Away my power shall out-charm thy charms,
I'll finde her panting in her lovers arms.
Enter you Lamplets of Terrestrial fire,
And let your golden heads (at least) conspire
To counterfeit a day, and on the night
Revenge the wrongs of *Phœbus* with your light.

So said, the darkned Hall was garnish'd round
With lighted Tapers: Every object found
An eye to own it, and each eye was fill'd
With pleasure in the object it beheld.
As these deviceful changes did incite
Their quickned fancies, with a fresh delight,
Morpheus *came in: His dreaming pace was so,*
That none could say he mov'd, he mov'd so slow:
His folded arms, athwart his breast, did knit
A sluggards knot, his nodding chin did hit
Against his panting bosom, as he past:
And oftentimes his eyes were closed fast:
He wore a crown of Poppy on his head;
And, in his hand, he bore a Mace of Lead:

He

He yawned thrice, and after homage done
To Nights black Soveraign, he thus begun:

Great Empress of the VVorld: To whom I ow My self, my service, my perpetual vow: Before the Footstool of whose dreadful Throne The Princes of this lower World lay down Their Crowns and Scepters; whose victorious hand In twice twelve hours did conquer and command This Globe of Earth, your servant (whose dependance Quickens his power) comes to give attendance Upon the early shadows, and to seize Upon these wearied mortals, when you please T'appoint; till then, your servant is at hand To put in execution your command. Morpheus Speech.

To whom the smiling Godess thus reply'd.

Morpheus, our pleasure is to set aside This night to mirth, and time-beguiling sports; Our sleep-restraining busines much imports Your welcō absence, whilst our ears shal number The flying hours; our mirth admits no slumber: The Goddess of the Night speech.

The word scarce ended, but the Queen of Love
Descended from her unseen seat, above:
In her fair hand she led her winged Son,
And like a full-mouth'd tempest thus begun.

Disloyal Sycophant Death's Bastard-brother, Accursed Spaun, cast from as curs'd a Mother: That with thy base impostures rifiest man Of half his days, of half that little span Nature hath lent his life, that with thy wiles Hugg'st him to death, betray'st him with thy smiles, What mak'st thou here, and to usurp my right Perfidious Caitiff? *Venus* day is night: Go to the frozen World, where mans desire Is made of Ice, and melts before the fire, Yet ne'er the warmer: Go, and visit fools, Or flegmatick old-age, whose spirits cools As quickly as their breath: Go, what have we To do (dull *Morpheus*) with thy Mace, or thee As Leaden as thy Mace? Th'art made for nought, But to still children, or to ease the thought Venus speech to Morpheus.

Of

Of brain-sick Phranticks: or, with joys to flatter
Poor slumbring souls, wch wak'd, find no such matter:
Go succor those, that vent by quick retail
Their wits, upon dear peny-worths of Ale:
Or marrow'd Eunuchs, whose adust desire
Wants means to slake the fury of their false fire:
O that I were a *Basilisk*, that I
Might dart my venome, or else venom'd die.
Boy, bend thy Bow, and with thy forked Dart,
Drawn to the head, thrill, thrill him to the heart:
Let flie Death's Arrow, or, if thou hast none,
In Death's name send an Arrow of thine own:
Weare both wrong'd, and in the same degree:
Shoot then at once, revenge thy self and me.
With that the little angry god did bend
His steel'en Bow, and in Death's name did send
His winged Messenger, whose faithful haste
Dispatcht his ireful errand; and stuck fast
Within his pierced Liver, and did hide
His singing Feathers in his wounded side.
Morpheus *fell down, as dead, and on the ground*
Lay for a little season in a swound,
Gasping for breath. And Lovers dreams (they say)
Have evermore been wanton since that day:
Venus *was pleas'd: The Goddess of the Night*
Grew angry; she would needs resign her right
Of Government, and in a spleen threw down
Her Hemisphere, her Scepter, and her Crown:
And, with a dusky fog, she did besmear
The face of Venus, *soil'd her golden hair*
With her black blades, and with foul terms revil'd
Both her, her cuckold-mate, and bastard-childe:
Whereat the God of War, *being much offended,*
Forsook both seat and patience, and descended:
And, to the world, he proffer'd to make good
Fair Venus *honor, with his deerest blood:*
To whom poor Vulcan *(puffing in a rage,*
To hear his well-known fortune on the stage)
Scrap'd many a thank: And with his crouching knee
Profest true love to such true friends as he.

And

And ever since, Experience lets us know,
Cuckolds are kinde to such as make them so.
By this, god Morpheus *waking from his swound,*
Began to groan: and from his aking wound
Drew forth the buried shaft; but Mars *(whose word*
Admits no other second, but his sword)
Unsheath'd his furious Brand-iron, and let flie
A blow at Morpheus *head, which had well-nigh*
Clov'n him in twain, had not the Queen of Night
Hurl'd hasty mists before his darkned sight:
So that the Sword, by a false-guided aim,
Struck Vulcans *foot,* which ever since was lame:
At last the gods came down, and thought it good
To nip this early quarrel in the bud:
Who fearing uproars, with a friendly Cup
Of blest Nepenthé, *took the quarrel up:*
And, for th'offence committed, did proclaim
This sentence in offended Juno's *name.*
Morpheus from hence is banish'd, for this night, The Sentence.
And not t'approach before the morning light:
Mars is exil'd for ever, as a guest
Adjudg'd unfitting for a Marriage feast.
Cupid is doom'd to rome and rove about
To the worlds end, and both his eyes put out.
Venus is censur'd to perpetual night,
And not (unless by stealth) to see the light:
Her chiefest joy to be but pleasing folly,
Perform'd with madness, dog'd with melancholly.

And here the Musick did invite their paces
To measure Time, and by exchange of places
To lead the curious beholder's eye
A willing captive to variety.
Thus, with the sweet vicissitude of mirth
They spent the time, as if that Heaven and Earth
Had studied to please man, in such a measure,
That art could not do more t'augment their pleasure:
And so they vanish'd.

Now *Ceres* Evening bounty reinvites
Her noble guests, to her renew'd delights:

And

And frolick *Bacchus*, to refresh their souls
With a full hand, presents his swelling Bowls.
Wine came unwith'd, like water from a source:
And delicates were mingled with discourse:
What Art could do to make a welcome guest,
Was liberally presented at that feast:
It was no sooner ended, but appears
An old gray Pilgrim deeply struck in years,
In tatter'd garments: In his wrinkled hand
An hour-glass, laboring with her latest sand;
Beneath his arm, a Buffen-Knapsack hung
Stuft full of writings in an unknown tongue,
Chronologies, our dated Almanacks,
And Patents, that had long surviv'd their wax:
Unto his shoulders Eagle-wings were joyn'd:
His head ill thatcht before, but bald behinde:
And leaning on his crooked Sythe, he made
A little pause, and after that, he said.

Mortals, 'tis out, my Glass is run,
And with it the day is done:
Dark shadows have expell'd the light,
And my Glass is turn'd for night:
The Queen of Darkness bids me say,
Mirth is fitter for the day:
Upon the day, such joys attend,
With the day such joys must end.
Think not, Darkness goes about,
Like death, to puff your pleasures out:
No, no, she'll land you new delights,
She hath pleasures for the nights.
When as her shadows shall benight ye,
She hath what shall still delight ye:
Aged Time *shall make it known,*
She hath dainties of her own:
'Tis very late, away, away,
Let day-sports expire with day:
For this time we adjourn your feast:
The Bridegroom fain would be at rest:
And if the night-pastimes displease ye.
Day will quickly come, and ease ye.

With that, a sweet Vermilian tincture stain'd
The Brides fair Cheeks: The more that she restrain'd
Her blush, the more her disobedient blood
Did overflow; as if a second flood
Had meant to rise, and, for a little space,
To drown that world of beauty in her face:
She blusht; (but knew not why) and like the Moon
She look'd most red, upon her going down.
But see! The smiling Ladies do begin
To joyn their whisp'ring heads, as there had been
A plot of treason: Till at length, unspide,
They stole away th'unwilling-willing Bride:
Their busie-hands unrob'd her, and so led
The timorous Virgin to her Nuptial-bed.
By this, the Nobles having recommended
Their tongues to silence, their discourse being ended,
They look'd about, and thinking to have done
Their service to the Bride, the Bride was gone:
And now the Bridegroom (unto whom delay
Seem'd worse than death) could brook no longer stay:
Attended by his noble guests, he enters
That room, where th'enterchangeable Indentures
Of deerest love, lay ready to be seal'd
With mutual pleasures, not to be reveal'd.
His garments grew too tedious, and their waight
(Not able to be born) do over-fraight
His weary shoulders: *Atlas* never stoopt
Beneath a greater burthen, and not droopt:
No help was wanting, for he did receive
What sudden aid he could expect, or have
From speedy hands, from hands that did not waste
The time; unless (perchance) by over haste:
Mean while, a dainty warbling Breast, not strong,
As sweet, presents this *Epithal'mion* Song.

MAn of War, march bravely on,
The field's not easie to be won:
There's no danger in that war,
Where Lips both Swords and Bucklers are.
Here's no cold to chill thee,

A Bed of Down's thy field:
Here's no sword to kill thee,
Unless thou please to yield.
Here is nothing will incumber,
Here will be no scars to number.
These be wars of Cupid's *making,*
These be wars will keep you waking,
Till the early breaking day,
Call your forces hence, away,
These be wars that make no spoil,
Death here shoots his shafts in vain:
Though the Soldier get a foil,
He will rouze and fight again.
These be wars that never cease,
But conclude a mutual peace.
Let benign and prosperous Stars,
Breathe success upon these wars,
And when thrice three moneths be run,
Be thou a Father of a Son:
A son that may derive from thee
The honor of true merit,
And may to ages, yet to be,
Convey thy blood, thy spirit:
Making the glory of his fame
Perpetuate, and crown thy name,
And give it Life, in spight of Death,
When Fame shall want both trump and breath

Have you beheld in a fair Summers-Even
The golden-headed Charrioter of Heaven,
With what a speed his prouder reins do bend
His panting Horses to their journeys end?
How red he looks, with what a swift carreer
He hurries to the lower Hemisphear,
And in a moment shoots his golden-head
Upon the Pillow of blushing *Thetis* Bed:
Even so the Bridegroom (whose desire had wings
More swift than Time, switcht on with pleasure)
Into his Nuptial Bed: And, look how fast (springs
The stooping Faulcon clips, and with what haste

Her Talons seize upon the timorous prey;
Even so his arms (impatient of delay)
His circling Arms embrac'd his blushing Bride,
While she (poor soul) lay trembling by his side.
The Bridegroom now grows weary of his guests,
What mirth of late was pleasing, now molests
His tired patience: Too much sweet offends:
Sometimes to be forsaken of our friends,
In *Cupid*'s Morals, is observ'd to be
The fruits of friendship, in the best degree.
And thus at last, the Curtains being clos'd,
They left them, each in others Arms repos'd.
And here my Muse bids draw our Curtains too,
'Tis unfit to see what private Lovers do:
Reader, let not thy thoughts grow over-rank,
But vail thy understanding with a Blank,
Think not on what thou think'st: And, if thou canst,
Let understand not what thou understandst.
Sow not thy fruitful heart with so poor seeds:
Or if, perchance (unsown) they spring like weeds,
Use them like weeds, thou knowst not how to kill:
Slight them, and let them thrive against thy will:
View them like evils, that Art cannot prevent,
But see thou take no pleasure in their scent.
And one thing more: When as the morning light
Shall bring the bashful Bride into thy sight,
Be not too cruel: Let no wanton eye
Disturb, and wrong her conscious modesty:
And if she blush, examine not for what:
Nay, though thou see it (Reader) see it not.
And shall our story discontinue here?
Or want a period, till another year?
Shall we befriend these Lovers, with the night,
And leave them buried in their own delight,
And so conclude? No, it shall ne'er be sed,
That marriage joys end in the Marriage-Bed:
Fond and adulterate is that love, which founds
Her happiness on such unstable grounds:
And, like a sudden blaze, it never lasts,
But as the pleasure waxes cold, it wasts.

Now

Now *Argalus* awakes, and now the light
Seen as welcome to him as the night:
His eyes are fixt upon his lovely Bride,
While she lies sweetly slumbring by his side:
He sleeps, he views her: Thrice his mind was bent
To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent:
Sometimes his Lips, with a stoln kiss would greet
Her guiltless Lips: (*They say, Stoln Goods are sweet*)
At length, she wakes, and hides her blushing Cheeks
In's warm bosome, where she safely seeks
For Sanctuary, whereunto should flie
The guilt of her protected modesty:
He smiles, and whispers in her deafned ear;
(*Women can understand, and yet not hear*):
He speaks, but she (even whilst his lips were breaking
Their words) with hers, did stop his lips frō speaking.
When thrice three Suns had now almost out-worn
The rare solemnities that did adorn
These Princely Nuptials, and had made report
How something sparing in th' *Arcadian* Court,
The Brideg oom whose endeavors were addrest,
To practice what might please his fair Bride best,
Resolv'd to leave *Kalanders* house, and crown
Parthenia sole Commandress of her own:
Long was it ere *Kalander's* liberal ear
Could be unlockt; it had no power to hear
The word, Farewel: Stil *Argalus* intreated,
And fram'd excuses; which he soon defeated.
But as the stout *Alcides* did cathier
One rising head, another would appear:
Even so, whilst his ingenuous love did smother
One cause of parting he would finde another.
Kalander thus at last (being over-wrought
With words, which Importunity had taught
Inexorable *Argalus*) was fain
To yield, what he so long gain-said, in vain.
'Tis now concluded, *Argalus* must go,
But yet *Kalander* must not leave them so;
There is no parting, till the aged sire
Shall warm his fingers by *Parthenias* fire.

Parthenia sues, *Kalander* must not rest,
Till he become *Partheniaes* promis'd guest.
To morrow next, when *Titans* early ray
Had given fair earnest of a fairer day:
And, with his trembling beams, had repossest
The eyes of Mortals, newly rouz'd from rest,
They left *Kalanders* Castle; and that night
Arriv'd they at the *Palace of Delight:*
(For so 'twas call'd) it was a goodly seat,
Well chosen; not capacious, as neat:
Yet was it large enough to entertain
A potent Prince, with all his Princely train:
It seem'd a Center to a Park, well stor'd
With Deer, whose well-thriven bounty did afford
Continual pleasure and delight; nay, what
That Earth calls good, this Seat afforded not?
Th'impatient Faulkner here may learn to say
Forgotten prayers, and bless him every day.
The patient Angler, here, may tire his wish,
And (if he please) may swear, and yet catch fish.
The sneaking Fowler may go boldly on,
And ne'er want sport until his Powder's done:
And to conclude, there was no stint, no measure
To th'old mans profit, or the young mans pleasure:
Thither this night the Nuptial Troop is gone;
And now *Parthenia's* welcome to her own:
But would you hear what entertainment past?
Conceive it rather; for my quill would wast
Th'unthriving stock of my bespoken time,
While such free bounty cannot stand with rhime:
But that which most did season, and imbellish
Their choice delights, and gave the truest relish
To their best mirth, and pleasures; was, to see
With what a sweet conjugal harmony
All things were carried: Every word did prove
To add some acquisition to their love:
So one they were, that none could justly say,
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey:
He rul'd, because she would obey; and she,
In thus obeying, rul'd as well as he:

What

What pleased him, would need no other cause
To please her too, but onely his applause;
A happy pair, whose double life, but one;
Made one life double, and the single, none.
Thus when th'unconstant Lady of the night
Had chang'd her sharpned horns, for an orb of light:
Kalander (whose occasions grew too strong,
And may not be dispens'd withal too long)
Takes leave, and (being equal heavy hearted
With sad *Parthenia* for his haste) departed:
But *Argalus* (who never yet could down
Himself with more advantage than alone)
And fair *Parthenia* (whose well-pleas'd desire
Hopes nothing else, if *Argalus* be by her)
Need not the help of any to augment
The better joys of their retir'd content:
Sometimes the curious Garden would invite
Their gentle paces to her proud delight: (pleasure,
Sometimes the well-stor'd Park would change their
And tender to her view, their light-foot treasure:
Where th'unmolested Herd would seem to stand,
And crave a death at fair *Partheniaes* hand:
Sometimes her steps would climb th'ambitious *Toner*,
From whose aspiring top they might discover
A little Commonwealth of Land, which none
But *Argalus*, durst challenge as his own:
Sometimes (for change of pleasure) he would read
Selected stories, whilst her ears would feed
Upon his Lip, and now and then a kiss
Would interpose like a Parenthesis,
Between their semicircled arms, inclos'd:
(*O what dull spirit could be indispos'd*
To read such Lines!) and whilst upon the Book
His eyes were fix'd, her pleased eyes would look
Upon the graceful Reader, and espy
A story far more pleasing, in his eye:
Upon a day as they were closely seated,
Her ears attending, whilst his Lips repeated
A story, treating the renown'd adventures
And famous acts of Great *Alcides*; enters

A Messenger, whose countenance did bewray
A haste too serious to admit delay;
His hand presents him Letters, which did bring
Their sealed errand from th' *Arcadian* King;
Whereat *Parthenia* rose, and stept aside:
Her thoughts were troubled; ever as she ey'd
The Messenger, her colour comes and goes:
Parthenia fears, and yet *Parthenia* knows
Not what to fear: Her jealous heart knows how
To fear an evil, because it fears to know:
And as he read the Lines, her eye was fixt
Upon his eye, which seem'd to strive betwixt
A thousand thwarting passions: Once he cast
His eyes on her, and finding hers so fast
On his, he blusht, she blusht, both blusht together,
Because they blusht for what, unknown to either.
The Letter being read, (and having kist
Basilius name) he speedily dismist
The Messenger, with promise to obey
Basilius just commands without delay:
That done, he took *Parthenia* by the hand,
His dear *Parthenia*, by the trembling hand:
And to her greedy eye he straight presents
The Paper; ba'lac'd with its sad contents:
Parthenia, with a fearful slowness took it;
And with a fearful haste did overlook it:
Her face being blanched with the pallid signs
Of what she fear'd too soon, she read these Lines.

Basilius Rex.

WHereas the famous and victorious name
Of great Amphialus, *makes the Trump of Fame*
Breathe nothing but his conquests, and renown:
VVhose lawless actions fortune strives to crown
(In spight of Justice) with a victors merit,
Respecting more the greatness of his spirit,
Than justness of his cause; to the dishonor
Of Vertue, and all such as wait upon her.
And furthermore; whereas his power is known
Toppugn the welfare of our State and Crown.

VVith

With strong rebellion, to the high advancement
Of his disloyal glory, and inhancement
Of his perfidious name, the great increase
Of factions, and disturbance of our peace:
Likewise, wherein his high prevailing hand
(Against the force whereof, no flesh can stand)
(ould ne'er be equal'd yet, much less o'ercome:
But with loud triumph, still does carry home
The spoils of our lost honor, to the fame
Of his rebellious glory, and our shame:
We therefore in our princely care perpending
The serious premisses, and much depending
On your known courage, have selected you
To stand our Champion Royal, and renew
Our wasted honor, with your Sword and Lance
In equal Duel. Thus you shall advance
The glorious pitch of your renowned name
With the brave purchase of eternal Fame:
In this you shall revive our dying glory,
And leave the subject of this ages story,
(Which shall be read till time shall have an end)
And tye Basilius *your perpetual friend.*

To our Right Trusty and Noble Kinsman *Argalus*.

But as she read, her tears did trickle down
Upon the Lines, as if they meant to drown
Th'unwelcome message, and at length, she said.

Ah me (my Argalus*) what's this you made*
Such haste to answer? did that answer need
To be returned with so great a speed?
Can you, O can you be so quickly, won
To leave your poor Parthenia, *and be gone?*

To whom resolved *Argalus* (whose eye
Was fixt upon his honor) made reply,
My dear Parthenia, *were it to obtain*
The unsum'd wealth of Pluto; *or to gain*
The soveraignty of the Earth without expence
Of blood or sweat, without the least pretence
Of danger, my ambition would despise
The easie conquest of so great a prize,

If

If purchas'd by thy discontent, or by
The poorest tear that trickles from thine eye.
But to recal my promise, or forsake
That resolution Honor bids me make
In this behalf, or to betray that trust
Repos'd in me, the gods would be unjust,
(And not themselves) if they should but command
Or urge me, with an over-swaying hand:
My dear Parthenia, *Let no false suggestion*
Abuse thy passion; or presume to question
My dearest love, though Honor bids us part,
Yet Honor cannot rob thee of my heart:
Honor, that calls me with her loud alarms,
Will bring me back with Triumph to thine arms.
So said, the sad *Parthenia* (whose tears
Are turn'd Lieutenants to her tongue) forbears
To tempt her language: *Griefs that are but small*
Can speak, when great ones cannot vent at all:
But tender-hearted *Argalus* (to whom
Such silence speaks too loud) forsook the room:
And, with a breast, as full of pensive care,
As Honor, gave directions to prepare
His warlike Steed, his Martial attire,
And all things such imployment does require.
And here, O thou, thou great supream Protectress
Of bolder spirits, and the sole directress
Of lofty flying quills, which shall derive
To after-times, what glorious swords atchieve:
And mak'st the actions of heroick spirits
Perpetuate, and crown their names, their merits,
Illustrious Clio: *Aid me and inspire*
My ragged rhimes, with thy diviner fire:
Teach me to raise my stile, and to attain
A pitch, that may transcend the vulgar strain:
Reach me a quill, rent from an Eagles wing:
And let my Ink be blood; that I may sing
Death to the life: Let him that reads, expound,
Each dash, a sword, and every word a wound.
By this, the Champion Royal had put on
His martial weeds; but hasting to be gone,

The

The poor *Parthenia*, whoſe cold fit paſt
(Like thoſe in Agues) now does burn as faſt:
She leaves the lonely room, and coming out
She findes her *Argalus*, enclos'd about
With glittering Walls of Steel: Apparel'd round
In his bright Arms (whom ſhe had rather found
Lockt up in hers) and wanting nothing now
But what her Lips could not (poor Soul) allow
Without a Sea of Teares, her laſt farewel,
She ran unto him, wept, and weeping fell
Upon her knees, ſhe claſpt him by the arm,
And looking up, ſhe thus began to charm.

My Argalus, *my* Argalus, *my Dear:*
And wilt thou go and leave Parthenia *here?*
Wilt thou forſake me then? and can theſe teares
Not intercede betwixt thy deafned eares
And my ſad ſuit? Canſt thou, O canſt thou go
And leave thy poor diſtreſt Parthenia *ſo?*
Parthenia *ſues,* Parthenia *does implore,*
Parthenia *begs, that never beg'd before:*
Remember, O remember you are, now,
Under the power of a Sacred Vow:
Honor muſt ſtoop to vowes, which once being cracke
You cannot do an honorable act:
I have a right unto you; you are mine:
I have that intereſt which I'll ne'er reſign
Till death: I'll never hazard to forego
My whole eſtate of happineſs, at one throw:
No, no, I will not: I will hold thee faſt
In ſpight of Honor, and her nine days blaſt:
Your former acts have given ſufficient proof
To the wide world, your valor's known enough
Without a farther tryal; there's enow
To loſe their lives (leſs worthy) beſides you:
'Twas then a time for arms, when you had none,
None other left to venture, but your own:
Excuſe me then, that onely do endeavor
To hold mine own, which now I muſt, or never:
Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake
No danger, but Parthenia *muſt partake:*

Shall

Shall your Parthenia *be indanger'd then?*
Parthenia *shall be present, even when*
The strokes fall thickest, and Parthenia *shall*
Suffer what ere to Argalus *may befall:*
Parthenia, *in your greatest pain, shall smart;*
Your blood shall trickle from Partheniaes *heart.*
Can Prayers obtain no place? by this dear hand,
The sacred Pledge of our Conjugal Band,
By all the pleasures of our dearest Love:
By Heaven, and all the Heavenly Powers above:
Or if those Motives cannot finde a room,
Yet by the tender fruit, that in my womb
Begins to bud; or if ought else appear
To thy best thoughts more precious, or more dear,
By that forsake me not, although the rest
Prevail not, Grant this first, this last request.

To whom the broken-hearted *Argalus*,
Wearied, but not o'ercome, made answer thus:
My dear Parthenia: *Thy desires never*
Gainsaid my will, till now: Do not persever
To crave that boon I cannot grant: Forbear
To urge me, Resolution hath no ear.
Weep not, (my joy) let not those drops of thine,
That trickle from so fair an eye, divine
A soul success: Chear up; a smile or two
Would make me half a Conqueror, ere I go:
Shine forth, and let no envious cloud benight
The glorious luster of so fair a light:
Doubt not my life; the justness of my cause,
That brings me on, will quit me with applause:
Fear not, that such a Blessing, such a Wife
Was e'er intended for so short a life,
Expect my safe return; as quick, as glorious;
My genius tells me, I shall live victorious.

So said, as if that Passion had forgot
Her mother-tongue, her tongue replyed not:
But, like to one, new striken with the thunder,
She stood betwixt amazement, fear and wonder:
His Lips took leave, and as his Arms surrounded
Her feeble Waste, she strait fell down, and swounded:

But

But *Argalus* transported with the tide
And tyranny of honor, could abide
No longer ſtay; he truſts her to the guard
Of her own women: le t her, and repair'd
Unto the Camp; wherein, he ſpent ſome days,
In parley with *Amphialus*; and aſſays
By all perſwaſive means, to make him yield
To juſt demands, and not to ſtain the field
With needleſs blood: But finding him unapt
For peaceful counſel being ſtrongly rapt
With his own fame) and ſcorning to afford
His ear to any language, but the ſword,
He ceas'd t'adviſe him; and (enforc'd to try
Arougher Dialect) wrote him this defie.

Renow'nd *Amphialus*,

If ſtrong perſwaſions, backt with reaſons, could
Been honor'd with your ear, your wiſdom would,
In yielding to ſo fair a peace, have won
As ample glory, as your ſword hath done:
You ſhould have conquer'd ſouls, where now at moſt,
You can ſubdue but bodies, that have loſt
The power to reſiſt: But ſince my ſuit,
Sown on ſo barren ſoil, can finde no fruit;
Receive a mortal challenge from a hand,
Whoſe juſtice takes a glory to withſtand
So foul a cauſe, and labors to ſubdue
Your needleſs errors, whil'ſt it honors you:
Compoſe you then, to make a preparation,
According to your noble wanted faſhion:
And think not ſlight of ne'er ſo weak an arm
That ſtrikes, when Juſtice ſtrikes up her alarm.

Argalus.

No ſooner had he read it, but his Pen,
With noble ſpeed, return'd theſe lines agen:

Much more renowned Argalus,

Your faithful ſervant, whoſe victorious brow
Was never daunted yet, is daunted now
By your brave courteſie, being ſtriken dumb
With your rare worth, and fairly overcome:

Yet doubting not the juſtneſs of my cauſe
(That's over-ruled by the Sacred Lavvs
Of deareſt love) vvill give my ſvvord the povver
Even to maintain it, to the lateſt hour:
I ſhall expect your coming in the Ile,
VVhere, vvith a heart, (not poiſon'd vvith the bile
Or gall of malice) vvith my deareſt blood,
Your ſervant ſhall be ready, to make good
His juſt deſigns: Aſſured of no leſs
Than treble fame, if crovvned vvith ſucceſs:
If not, there's no diſhonor can accrevv
In being conquer'd, and o'ercome by you.

Amphialus.

Soon after *Argalus*, (whoſe blood did boil
To be in action) comes into the Ile,
Clad in white Armor, gilt and ſtrangely dreſt
With knots of womans hair, which from his creſt
Hung dangling down, and with their bounteous trea-
O'erſpred his Corſlet in a lib'ral meaſure: (ſure
His curious furniture was faſhion'd out,
Like to a flying Eagle, round about
Beſet with Plumes, whoſe crooked beak (being caſt
Into a coſtly Jewel) was made faſt
To th'ſaddle-bow: Her ſpreding train did cover
His Crooper, whil'ſt the Trappers ſeem to hover
Like wings, that, to the fixt beholders eye
As the horſe pranc'd, the Eagle ſeem'd to flie.
Upon his arm (his threatning arm) he wore
A ſleeve, all curiouſly embroidered o'er
With bleeding hearts, which fair *Parthenia* made
(In thoſe croſs times, when Fortune ſo betraid
Their ſecret love, and with a ſmiling frown
Daſht their falſe hopes) as Copies of her own.
Upon his ſhield (for his device) he ſet
Two neigh'bring Palms, whoſe budding branches met
And twin'd together; the obſcure Impreſe
Imported this: *Thus flouriſhing, as theſe.*
His Horſe was of a fiery Sorrel, black
His Main, his Feet, his Tail: On his proud back

A coal black Liſt; his Noſtrils open wide,
Breath'd W'ar, before his ſparkling Eye deſcry'd
An enemy to encounter; up by turns,
He lifts his haſty Hoofs, as if he ſcorns
The Earth, or if his tab'ring Feet had found
A way to go, and yet ne'er change the ground.
By this, *Amphialus* (who all this while
Thought minutes years) was landed in the Ile,
In all reſpects provided, to afford
As bounteous entertainment, as the Sword
And Launce could give: and at the Trumpets ſound,
The Steeds, (that needed not a prick to wound
Their bleeding flanks, both ſtart, & with ſmooth run-
Their ſtaves, declining with unſhaken cunning, (ning
Perform'd their Maſter's will, with angry ſpeed:
But *Argalus* his well inſtructed Steed
Being hot, and full of courage, (fiercely led
By his own pride) preſt in his prouder head:
The which when ſtout *Amphialus* eſpy'd
(Well knowing it unſafe to give his ſide)
Preſt likewiſe in, ſo that both men and horſe,
Shouldring each other, with a double force
Fell to the ground: But by accuſtom'd skill,
And help of fortunes hand, that ſuccors ſtill
Bold ſpirits, ſhun'd the danger of the fall,
And had (leſs fear'd then hurt) no harm at all:
They roſe, drew forth their Swords, which now begun
To do what their left ſtaves had left undone.
Have ye beheld a Leaguer? In what ſort
The deep-mouth'd Cannon plays upon the Fort,
And how by peece-meals it doth batter down
The yielding W'alls of the beſieged Town?
Even ſo their Swords (whoſe oft-repeated blows
Could finde no patience yet to enterpoſe
A breathing reſpite) with redoubled ſtrength
So hew'd their proofleſs Armors, that at length
Their failing truſt began to prove unſound,
And peece by peece they dropt upon the ground,
Truſting their Bodies to the bare defence
Of Vertue, and unarmed Innocence:

Such deadly blows were dealt, and such requited,
That *Mars* himself stood ravisht and affrighted
To see the cruel combate; every blow
Did act two parts; both struck and guarded too
At self same instant. So incomparable
Their skilful quickness was, that none was able
To say, (although their watchful eyes attended
The strokes) who made the blow, or who defended:
Long was it ere their equal skill and force
Of arms could shew a better, or a worse:
Neither prevail'd as yet; yet both excell'd
In not prevailing. Never eye beheld
More equal odds: No wound as yet could flow
A drop of wasted blood, yet every blow
Was full of death: *When skilful Gamesters play,*
The Christmas Box gains often more than they.

At length the Sword of *Argalus* (that never
Thirsted so long in vain till now; nor ever
Made victory doubtful for so long a space)
Fastned a wound on the disarmed face
Of the renown'd *Amphialus*, wherein
Had not his faithful Shield born part, and been
An equal sharer, his unequal foe,
No doubt, had sum'd his conquest in that blow:
With that the stout *Amphialus*, whose harm
Gave sprightly quickness to his wounded Arm,
Upheav'd his thirsty Brondyron, and let flie
A down-right blow; but with a falsifie
Reverst the stroke, and left a gaping wound
In his right arm: But *Argalus*, that found
A loss of Blood, exchang'd his open play,
And for his more advantage closely lay
Upon a lower guard; withal expecting
A hop'd revenge, which was not long effecting:
For whil'st *Amphialus* (whose hopes inflam'd
His tyrannous thoughts with conquest, & proclaim'd
Undoubted victory) heap'd his strokes so fast
As if each blow had scorn'd to be the last,
The watchful *Argalus* (whose nimble eye
Dispos'd his time, in onely putting by)

Put

Put home a thrust, (his right foot coming in)
And pierc'd his Navel, that the wound had been
No less than death, if *Fortune* (that can turn
A mischief to advantage) had forborn
To shew a miracle; for with that blow
Amphialus last made, his arm had so
O'er-struck it self; that sideward to the ground
He fell; and falling, he receiv'd that wound
Which (had he stood) had enter'd in, point blank,
But, falling, onely graz'd upon his flank:
Being down; brave *Argalus* his threatning Sword
Bids yield: *Amphialus* answering not a word,
(As one, whose mighty spirit did disdain
A life of alms) but striving to regain
His legs, and honor, *Argalus* let drive,
With all the strength a wounded arm could give,
Upon his head; but his hurt arm (not able
To do him present service, answerable
To his desires) let his weapon fall:
With that *Amphialus* (though daz'd withal)
Arose, but *Argalus* ran in, and grasp't
(Being clos'd together) with him, where both clasp't
And grip'd each in th'unfriendly arms of either,
A while they grapled, grapling fell together,
And on the ground, with equal fortune strove;
Sometimes *Amphialus* was got above,
And sometimes *Argalus*. Both joyntly vow'd
Revenge: both wallow'd in their mingled blood,
Both bleeding fresh: Now *Argalus* bid yield;
And now *Amphialus*: For't would win the field,
Yet neither could, at last, by free consent,
They rose; and to their breathed Swords they went:
The Combat's now renew'd, both laying on,
As if the fight had been but new begun:
New wounds assuage the smarting of the old,
And warm blood entermingles with t'e cold:
But *Argalus* (whose wounded arm had lost
More blood, than all his body could almost
Supply; and like an unthrift, that expends
So long as he hath either stock, or friends)

Bled more than his spent Fountains could make good;
His spirit could give courage, but not blood.
As when two wealthy Clyents, that wax old
In suit (whose learned Counsel can uphold,
And gloze the cause alike, on either side)
During the time their termly golden tide
Shall flow alike from both, 'tis hard to say,
Who prospers best, or who shall get the day,
But he, whose water first shall cease to flow,
And ebb so long, till it shall ebb too low,
His cause, (though richly laden to the brink
With right) shall strike upon the Bar and sink,
And then an easie counsel may unfold
The doubt; the question's ended, with the Gold:
Even so our Combatants, the whil'st their blood
Was equal spilt; the cause seem'd equal good,
The victory equal, equal was their arms,
Their hopes were equal; equal was their harms,
But when poor *Argalus* his wasting blood
Ebb'd in his veins, (although it made a flood
A precious flood, in the ungrateful field)
His cause, his strength, but not his heart must yield:
Thus wounded *Argalus* the more he fail'd,
The more the proud *Amphialus* prevail'd:
With that, *Amphialus* (whose noble strife
Was but to purchase honor, and not life)
Perceiving what advantage, in the fight
He gained, and the valor of the Knight,
Became his suitor, that himself would please
To pity himself, and let the Combat cease:
Which noble *Argalus* (that never us'd
In honor to part stakes with thanks, refus'd:
(Like to a luckless gamester; who, the more
He loses, is less willing to give ore)
And filling up his empty veins with spite,
Begins to sum his forces, and unite
His broken strength; and (like a Lamp that makes
The greatest blaze at going out) he takes
His sword in both his hands, and at a blow
Cleft armor, shield, and arm, almost in two:

But now enrag'd *Amphialus* forgets
All pitty; and truſting to his Cards, he ſets
That ſtock of courage, treaſur'd in his breſt,
Making his whole eſtate of ſtrength, his reſt:
And views ſuch blows, as *Argalus* could not ſee
Without his loſs of life: ſo thundred he
Upon his wounded body, that each wound
Seem'd like an open Sluce of Blood, that found
No hand to ſtop it, till the doleful cry
Of a moſt beauteous Lady, (who well-nigh
Had run her ſelf to death) reſtrain'd his arm
(Perchance too late) from doing further harm.
It was the fair *Parthenia*, who that night
Had dream'd, ſhe ſaw her husband in the plight
She now had found him: Fear and Love together
Gave her no reſt, till they had brought her thither:
The nature of her fear did now begin
T'expel the fear of Nature; ſtepping in
Between their pointing ſwords, ſhe proſtrate lay
Before their blood-bedabled feet, to ſay
She knew not what; for as her lips would ſtrive
To be deliver'd, a deep ſigh would drive
Th'abortive iſſue of her language forth,
Which, born untimely, periſh'd in the birth:
And if her ſighs would give her leave to vent it,
O, then a tear would trickle, and prevent it:
But when the wind of her loud ſighs had laid
The ſhower of her tears, ſhe ſob'd and ſaid:
O wretched eyes of mine! O wailful ſight!
O day of darkneſs! O eternal night!
And there ſhe ſtopt; her eyes being fixt upon
Amphialus; ſhe ſigh'd, and thus went on.

My Lord;
'Tis ſaid you love: Then by that ſacred power
Of love, as you'ld finde mercy in the hour
Of greateſt miſery, leave off; and ſheath
Your bloody ſword: Or elſe if nought but death
May ſlake your anger, O let mine, let mine
Be ſufficient off'ring at the Shrine

Of your appeased thoughts, or, if you thirst
For Argalus *his life, then take mine first:*
Or, if for noble blood you seek, if so
Accept of mine; my blood is noble too,
And worth the spilling: Even for her dear sake,
Your tender soul affects, awake, awake
Your noble mercy. Grant I care not whether:
Let me die first; or kill us both together.

With that *Amphialus* was about to speak,
But *Argalus* (whose heart did almost break
To hear *Partheniaes* words) made this reply.

Parthenia, *ah* Parthenia, *Then must I*
Be bought and sold for tears? is my condition
So poor, I cannot live, but by Petition?

So said; He stept aside (for fear, by chance,
The fury of some misguided blow may glance
And touch *Parthenia*) and fill'd with high disdain,
Would have begun the combat fresh again:

But now *Amphialus* was charm'd; his hand
Had no sufficient warrant to withstand
Partheniaes suit, from whose fair eyes there came
Such precious tears, in so belov'd a name:
His eyes grew tender, and his melting heart
Was overcome, his very soul did smart;
He stirred not, but kept him at a distance:
And (putting by some blows) made no resistance.

But what can long endure? Lamps wanting oyl,
Must out at last, although they blaze a while:
Trees wanting sap must wither: strength and beauty
Can claim no privilege to quit that duty
They owe to *Time* and *Change*; but like a Vine
(Th' unsound supporters failing) must decline:
Poor *Argalus* grows faint, and must give ore
To strike; his feeble arm can strike no more:
And natures pale fac'd Bailey now distrains
His blood, for that small debt which yet remains
Unpaid: His arm that cannot use the point,
Now leans upon the Pomel; every joynt
Disclaims their idle sinews; and his eye
Begins to double every object by;

Nothing appears the ſame it was; the ground,
And all thereon does ſeem to dance the round:
His legs grow faint, and thinking to ſit down,
He miſt his Chair, and fell into a ſwoun.
With that *Amphialus* and *Parthenia* ran,
Ran in with haſte, *Amphialus* began
To looſe his Helmet, whil'ſt her buſie Palm
Chaf'd his cold Temples, and (diſtilling Balm
Into his wounds) her haſty fingers tore
Her Linnen ſleeves, and Partlet that ſhe wore,
To wipe the tear-mixt-blood away, and wrap
His wounds withal; upon her panting lap
She laid his live-leſs head, and (wanting bands
To bind his bloody cloaths) her nimble hands
(As if it were ordained for that end,
And therefore made ſo long) did freely rend
Her dainty hair, by handfuls from her head:
But as ſhe wrapt the wounds, her eyes would ſhed
And wet the rags ſo much, that ſhe was fain
With ſighs and ſobs to dry it up again:
Thus half-diſtracted with her griefs and fears,
Theſe words ſhe intermingles with her tears.

Diſtreſt Parthenia! *into what eſtate*
Hath Fortune, and the direful hand of Fate
Driven thy perplexed ſoul? O thou, O thou,
That wert the Preſident of all joys, but now,
Now turn'd th'example of all miſery
For torments, worſe than death, to practiſe by!
How leſs than nothing art thou? and how more
Than miſerable! Thou that wert before
All Ladies of the Earth for happineſs
But very now, (ah me!) now nothing leſs:
O angry Heav'n, what hath Parthenia *done,*
To be thus plagu'd? or why not plagu'd alone,
If guilty? what ſhall poor Parthenia *do?*
To whom ſhall ſhe complain? alas! or who
Shall give relief? nay, who can give relief
To her that hopes for ſuccor from her grief?
O death? Muſt we be parted then for ever:
And never meet again? what, never? never?

Or

Or shall Parthenia *now be so unkinde,*
To leave her Argalus, *and stay behinde?*
No, no, my dearest Argalus, *make room,*
(*There's room enough in Heaven*) *I come, I come.*
Who ever saw a dying Coal of fire,
Lurk in warm Embers (till some breath inspire
A forc'd revival) how obscure it lies,
And being blown, glimmers a while and dies:
So *Argalus*, to whom *Partheniaes* breath
Giving new life, (a life in spight of death)
Recal'd him from his death-resembling trance,
Who from a panting Pillow did advance
His feeble head, and looking up, he made
Hard shift to force a language, and thus said:

My dear Parthenia: *Now my glass is run,*
The Tapers tell me, that the Play is done,
My days are sum'd, Death seizes on my heart;
Alas! the time is come, and we must part;
Yet by my better hopes grim death doth bring
No grief to Argalus, *no other sting*
But this, that I must leave thee, even before
My grateful actions can cross the score
Of thy dear merits.
But since it pleases him, whose wisdom still
Disposes all things by his better will,
Depend upon his goodness, and relie
Upon his pleasure, not enquiring why,
And trust that one day we shall meet, and then
Enjoy each other, ne'er to part agen:
Mean while live happy: Let Parthenia *make*
No doubt, but blessed Argalus *shall partake*
In all her joys on Earth, which shall increase
His joys in Heaven, and Souls eternal peace:
Love well the dear remembrance of thy true
And faithful Arg'lus; *let no thought renew*
My last disgrace: Think not the hand of Fate
Made me unworthy, though unfortunate.
And as he spake that word, his Lips did vent
A sigh, whose violence had well-nigh rent

His

His heart in twain; and when a parting kiſs
Had given him earneſt of approaching bliſs,
He ſnatch'd his ſword into his hand, and cry'd,
O death! Thou art a Conqueror; and dy'd.
With that *Parthenia*, whoſe livelihood was founded
Upon his life, bow'd down her head ſwounded;
But, Grief, that (like a Lion) loves to play
Before it kills, gave Death a longer day,
Elſe had *Parthenia* di'd, ſince death deprived
Him of his life, in whoſe dear life ſhe lived.
But ah! *Partheniaes* ſorrow was too deep;
Too too unruly, to be lull'd aſleep
By ought but death: She ſtartles from her ſwound,
And nimbly riſing from the loathed ground,
Kneels down, and lays her trembling hand upon
His luke-warm lips, but finding his breath gone,
Grief plays the tyrant, fierce diſtraction drives her
She knows not where, unbounded rage deprives her
Of Senſe and Language, here and there ſhe goes,
Not knowing what to do, nor what ſhe does:
Sometimes her fair miſguided hand would tear
Her beauteous face, ſometimes, her treſled hair;
As if their uſe could ſtand her in no ſtead,
Since her beloved *Argalus* was dead.
But now *Amphialus* (that all this ſpace
Stood like an Idol faſtned to his place;
Where with a world of tears he did bemone
The deed, that his unlucky hands had done)
Well knowing that his words would aggravate,
Not eaſe the miſery of her woful ſtate,
Spake not, but caus'd her women that came with her
To urge her to the Ferry, where together
With her dead *Argalus* ſh'imbark'd; from whom
She would not part: No ſooner was ſhe come
To t'other ſhore, but all the Funeral ſtate,
Of Military Diſcipline did wait
Upon the Corps, whil'ſt troops of trickling eyes
Fore-ran the well-perform'd ſolemnities:
The Marſhal-Trumpet breath'd her doleful ſound,
Whil'ſt others trail'd their Enſigns on the ground:

Thus

Thus was the most lamented Corps convey'd
Upon a Charriot, lin'd, and overlaid
With Sables, to his house, a house, than night
More black, no more the *Palace of Delight*:
Where now we leave him to receive the Crown
Prepar'd for virtue, and deserv'd renown:
Where now we leave him to be full possest
Of endless Peace, and everlasting Rest.
But who shall comfort poor *Parthenia* now?
What Oratory can prevail? or how
Can Counsel chuse, but blush to undergo
So vain a task, and be contemned too?
May reason move a heart, whose best relief
Consists in desp'rate yielding to a grief;
Or what advice can relish in her ears,
That weeps, and takes a pleasure in her tears?
Readers, forbear, sorrows that are lamented
Are but exulcerated, but augmented:
Forbear attempt, where there is no prevailing,
A desp'rate grief grows stronger by bewailing:
Leave her to Time and Fortune: Let your eies
No longer pry into her miseries:
True mourners love to be beheld of none,
Who truly grieves, desires to grieve alone.
But now our Bloodhound *Muse* must draw, & track
Amphialus, and bring the murtherer back
To a new Combate: Where, if Fortune please
To crown our Tragick-Scene, and to appease
The crying blood of *Argalus*, with blood:
Our better reliſh'd story (making good
Your hopeful expectations) shall befriend
The tears of our *Parthenia*, and end.
Soon as the stout *Amphialus* had out-worn
The danger of his wounds. and made return
Into the Martial Camp, there to maintain
His new got honor, and to entertain
Aggrieved challengers, that shall demand,
Or seek for satisfaction from his hand;
An armed Knight came praunsing oe'r the Plain,
Denouncing War, and breathing forth Disdain:

mo-

Four Dam'sels usher'd him in Sable Weeds;
And four came after, all on mourning Steeds:
His curious Armor was so painted over
With lively shadows, that you might discover
The Image of a gaping Sepulcher:
About the which, were scattered here, and there,
Some dead mens bones: His horse was black as Jet,
His furniture was round about beset
With branches, slipt from the sad Cypress Tree,
His bases (reaching far below the knee)
Embroidered ore with worms: Upon his shield,
For his Impresse, he had a beauteous Childe,
Whose body had two heads, whereof the t'one
Appear'd quite dead; the t'other (drawing on)
Did seem to gasp for breath, and underneath,
This *Motto* was subscrib'd, *From Death, by Death.*
Thus arm'd to point, he sent his bold defie
To *Amphialus*, who sent as quick reply.
Forthwith, being summon'd, by the Trumpet's sound
They start; but brave *Amphialus*, that found,
The Knight had mist his rest, (as yet not met)
Coming to take advantage, would not let
His Launce descend, nor (bravely passing by)
Incounter his befriended enemy.
Whereat the angry Knight (not apt to brook
Such unsupportable mishap) forsook
His white-mouth'd Steed, throwing his Launce aside,
Which too too partial Fortune had deny'd
(fair success) drew forth his glittering sword:
Whereat *Amphialus* lighted (who abhor'd
A conquest meerly by advantage gain'd,
Esteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd)
Drew forth his Sword; and for a little space
Their strokes contended with an equal pace,
And fierceness: He herein did more discover
A bravery, than anger, whil'st the other
Bewray'd more spleen, than either skill, or strength,
To manage it: *Amphialus* at length,
With more than wonted ease, did batter so
His ill defended Armor, that each blow,

Open'd a door, for death to enter in:
And now the noble Conqueror does begin
To hate so poor a conquest, and disdain'd
To take a life, so easily obtain'd.
And mov'd with pitty, (stepping back) he staid
His unresisted violence, and said,
Sir Knight, contest no more; but take the peace
Of your own passion: Let the combate cease,
Seek not your causeless ruine; turn your arm
(Better imploy'd) 'gainst such, as wish you harm;
Husband your life, before it be too late;
Fall not by him, that ne'r deserv'd your hate.
To whom, the Knight return'd these words again.
Thou liest, false Traytor, and I here disdain
Both words and mercy with a base defie,
And to thy throat, my sword shall turn the lie.
To whom *Amphialus: Uncivil Knight,*
Courageous in nothing, but in sight,
And base discourtesie, thou soon shalt know
Whether thy tongue betrays thy heart, or no.
And as he spake, he gave him such a wound
Upon the neck, as struck him to the ground:
And, with the fall, his sword (that now deny'd
All mercy) fiercely tilts into his side:
That done; he loos'd his Helmet, with intent,
To make his over-lavish tongue repent
Of these base words, he had so basely said,
Or else, to crop him shorter by the head.
Who ever saw th'illustrous eye of Noon
(New broken from a gloomy cloud) send down
His earth-rejoycing glory, and display
His golden beams upon the sons of Day:
Even so, the Helmet being gone, a fair
And costly treasure of unbraided hair
O'er-spred the shoulders of the vanquisht Knight,
Whose now discover'd visage (in despight
Of neighb'ring death,) did witness and proclaim
A sovereign beauty in *Partheniaes* name,
And she it was indeed, see how she lies
Smiling on death, as if her blessed eyes

bleſt in their beſt deſires) had eſpied
his face already, for whoſe ſake ſhe died:
The Lillies, and the Roſes (that while ere
move in her Cheeks, till they compounded there)
have broke their truce, and freſhly faln to blows,
behold the Lilly hath o'rcome the Roſe:
Her Alabaſter neck (that did out-go
The Doves in whiteneſs, *Or the new faln Snow*)
Was ſtain'd with blood, as if the red did ſeek
protection there, being baniſht from her Cheek:
So full of ſweetneſs, was her dying face,
That death had not the power to diſplace
Her native beauty; onely by tranſlation,
Moulded, and cloath'd it in a newer faſhion.
But now *Amphialus*, (in whom grief and ſhame
Of this unlucky victory, did claim
An equal intereſt) proſtrate on the Earth,
Accurs'd his ſword, his arm, his hour of birth;
Caſting his Helmet, and his Gauntlet by,
His undiſſembled tears did teſtifie
What words could not: But finding her eſtate
More apt for help, than grief (though both too late)
Crept on his knees, and begging pardon of her,
His hands (his often curſed hands) did proffer
Their needleſs help, and, with his life to ſhow
What honor a devoted heart could do:
Whereto *Parthenia* (whoſe expiring breath)
Gave ſpeedy ſigns of a deſired death)
Turning her fixt (but oft recalled) eyes,
Upon *Amphialus*, faintly thus replies.

Sir, you have done enough, and I require
No more: Your hands have done, what I deſire,
What I expect; and if againſt your will,
The better; ſo I wiſh your favors ſtill,
Yet one thing more (if enemies may ſue)
I crave, which is, to be untoucht by you;
And as for honor, all that I demand,
Is, not to purchaſe honor from your hand:
No, no, 'twas no ſuch bargain made; That he,
Whoſe hands had kill'd my Argalus, *ſhould help me:*

Your hands have done enough, I crave no more;
And for the deeds sake, I forgive the doer.
What then remains? but that I go to rest
With Argalus, *and so be repossest*
Of him, with him for ever to abide;
Ev'r since whose death, I have so often died.
And there she fainted (even as if the clock
Of death, had given a warning ere it struck)
But soon returning to her self again:
Welcome sweet death, said she, *whose minutes pain*
Shall crown this soul with everlasting pleasure;
Come, come, and welcome, I attend thy leasure:
Delay me not: O do me not that wrong,
My Argalus *will chide, I stay so long:*
O now I feel the Gordian knotted bands
Of life unti'd: O Heavens! into your hands
I recommend my better part, with trust
To finde you much more merciful, than just;
(Yet truly just withal) O life! O death!
I call you to a witness, that this breath
Ne'r drew a blast of comfort, since that hour
My Argalus *died: O thou eternal Power,*
Shroud all my faults beneath the milk white vail
Of thy dear mercy; and when this tongue shall fail
To speak: O then.

And as she spake (*O then*) O then she left
To speak; and being suddenly bereft
Of words, the fatal Sister did divide
Her slender twine of life, and so she di'd.
So di'd *Parthenia*, in whose closed eyes
The world of beauty and perfection lies
Lockt up by Angels (as a thing divine)
From mortal eyes, the whilst her vertues shine
In perfect glory, in the throne of glory,
Leaving the world no Relick, but the story
Of Earths perfection, for the mouth of Fame
To consecrate to her eternal name,
Which shall survive, (if Muses can divine)
(Though not in these poor monuments of mine)

To

To th'end of days, and by these looser rhimes,
Shall be deliver'd to succeeding times:
So long as beauty shall but finde a friend,
Partheniaes lasting fame shall never end:
Till, to be truly vertuous, to be chast,
Be held a sin, *Partheniaes* name shall last.

Thus when *Amphialus* had put out this Lamp,
This Lamp of Honor, he forsook the Camp,
And, like a willing pris'ner was confin'd
To the strict limits of a troubled minde:
No Jury need b'impannell'd or agreed
Upon the Verdict, none t'attest the deed;
None to give sentence in the Judgment-Hall;
Himself was Witness, Jury, Judge, and all;
Where now we leave him, whilst we turn our eyes
Upon *Partheniaes* women, whose fierce cryes
Inforce a helpless audience: *It is said,*
When Troy was taken, such a cry was made.
One snatcht *Partheniaes* sword, resolv'd to die
Partheniaes death: Another raving by,
Strove for the weapon; through which eager strife,
They both were hindred, and each sav'd a life.
Others, whom wiser passion had taught how
To grieve at easier rates, did rudely throw
Their careless bodies on the Purple floor:
Where, sprinkling dust upon their heads, they tore
Their tangled hair, and garments drencht in tears:
And cry'd, as if *Partheniaes* blessed ears
Could hear the voice of grief, such griefs as would
Return her from her glory, if they could;
Each heart was turn'd a Wardrobe of true passion,
Where griefs were cloathed in a several fashion,
Sometimes their sorrow would recal to view
Her vertue, chastness, sweetness, and renew
Their wasted passions, and oft-times they bann'd
Themselves, for 'beying her unjust command.

And now by this the mornful trump of Fame
(Grown hoarse with very sorrow) did proclaim
And spred her doleful tidings, whilst all ears
And eyes were fill'd with death, and sliding tears:

Pity and sorrow mixt with admiration,
Became the threefold subject of all passion:
Grief went her progress through all hearts, and none
From the poor Cottage to the Princely Throne
Could own a thought, whose best advice could borow
The smallest respite from th' extreams of sorrow.
But all this while, *Basilius* Princely breast,
As it commanded, so out-griev'd the rest:
His share was treble: Hearts of Kings are deep
And close; what once they entertain, they keep
With violence: the violence of his passion
Admits no mean, as yet, no moderation:
But soon as grief had done her private rights
And dues to *Honor*: *Honor* (that delights
In publick service, and can make the breath
Of Sighs and Sobs to triumph over Death)
Call'd in Solemnity, with all her train,
And Military pomp to entertain
Our welcome Mourners, whose slow paces tread
The paths of death; and, with sad triumph lead
The slumbring body, to that Bed of rest,
Where nothing can disquiet, or molest
Her sacred ashes: there intombed, lay
The valiant *Argalus*; and there, they say,
Ere since that time, th' *Arcadians* once a year,
Visit the ruines of their Sepulchre;
And in memorial of their faithful loves,
There built an Altar, where two milk-white Doves
They yearly offer to the hallowed Fame
Of *Argalus* and his *Partheniaes* name.

Hos ego versiculos.

Like to the Damask Rose you see,
Or like the Blossom on a Tree,
Or like the dainty Flower of May,
Or like the Morning to the Day,
Or like the Sun, or like the shade,
Or like the Gourd that Jonas *had,*
Even such is Man, whose thred is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.

The

The Rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth:
The Sun sets, the shadow flies,
The Gourd consumes, and Man he dies.

Like to the blaze of fond delight:
Or like a morning clear and bright,
Or like a Frost, or like a shower,
Or like the pride of Babels *Tower,*
Or like the hour that guides the Time,
Or like to beauty in her prime:
Even such is Man, whose glory lends
His life a blaze or two, and ends.

Delights vanish, the morn o'er-casteth,
The Frost breaks, the shower hasteth,
The Tower falls, the hour spends,
The beauty fades, and man's life ends.

Fr. Quarles.

The Author's Dream.

1.

MY sins are like the hairs upon my head,
And raise their Audit to as high a score:
In this they differ: These do daily shed;
But ah! my sins grow daily more and more.
If by my hairs thou number out my sins;
Heaven make me bald before the day begins.

2.

My sins are like the Sands upon the shore,
Which every ebb lays open to the eye,
In this they differ: These are cover'd ore
With every tide; my sins still open lye.
If thou wilt make my head a Sea of tears,
O they will hide the sins of all my years.

3.

My sins are like the Stars within the skies,
In view, in number even as bright, as great:
In this they differ: These do set and rise;
But ah! my sins do rise, but never set.
Shine Sun of glory, and my sins are gone
Like twinkling Stars, before the rising Sun.

Fr: Quarles.

FINIS.

